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TOMORROW

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FREUD'S "OCCULT" FASCINATIONS

Mystery of Two Centuries:

AMERICA'S MOST HAUNTED HOUSE

San Diego Police Case:

MURDER FROM A TEACUP

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: THE HEALER OF PEARLS, by Nandor Fodor; I HAVE NO CHOICE!, by Nadean Dorris; SCHRENCK-NOTZING: PIONEER PSYCHIC RESEARCHER, by Gerda Walther; CALL IN THE NIGHT, by Velma Cloward; FEARS OF THE PSYCHIC, by Daniel Lehmann; NOT EVEN BY DAY, by A. X. Elfir; BOOK REVIEWS, by Eileen J. Garrett, Martin Ebon, Archibald Jarman.

UARTERLY REVIEW OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

V.6
1958
92242

EDITORIAL:

TWO GIANTS

ONE notes with sadness the passing from our midst of two giants of the literary scene, Lord Dunsany and Oliver St. John Gogarty. Both men were nurtured in the rich traditions of their Irish homeland; both served valiantly to enrich that tradition even further through their stories, poems, plays and essays. Two men, who were so similar in many ways, they were remarkably different in many other ways. Although their talents led them to similar pursuits and similar interests, their personalities were as clashing as two flint-rocks.

They knew each other well and had infinite respect and warm friendship for one another. However, when they met over the inevitable tea table, one knew that a battle was in the air. Sitting with them, a listener grew heady with the brilliant exchanges, sometimes wondering if they were in deadly earnest. Of course they were in earnest, but they enjoyed these jousts for the sheer pleasure of sharpening their wits, one on the other.

Born in the same year, 1878, they were destined to pass away within little more than a month of each other, at the age of 79. Oliver Gogarty, a noted surgeon and writer, had lived in the United States much of the time since 1939. Edwad John Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, served as a soldier and loved fox hunting on his estate in County Meath. Both were alike in their love of the mystical, the play of fancy and the whimsy and humor of Irish folk-lore.

ALTHOUGH neither man belonged to a formal psychic research society, they were both interested in gaining knowledge in this field. Gogarty, especially, was of help to me in my work, and one could always count on him for shrewd, critical analysis of a proposed plan of work. In his autobiographical book *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, he devoted a chapter to the hunting of a ghost in his old home, Renvyle House. William Butler Yeats, perhaps the foremost of the Irish poets, and his young wife participated in it. Gogarty makes clear his admiration for the courage and calmness of the psychic researcher.

Continued on Back Cover

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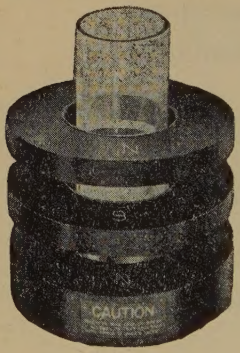

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NADEAN DORRIS' contribution, "I Have No Choice," has been supplemented by supporting documentary material that is in the hands of the editors of TOMORROW.

MARTIN EBON, Managing Editor of TOMORROW is also Administrative Secretary of the Parapsychology Foundation.

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WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING has been described by Lewis Mumford as "one of the great survivors of the golden age of American philosophy." Now 84 years of age, Prof. Hocking retired fourteen years ago as Alford Professor of Philosophy of Harvard University. Since then, he has filled some of the most distinguished lectureships in the Western world.

DANIEL LEHMANN, a member of the editorial staff of TOMORROW, was formerly on the staff of **Metronome** magazine.

PAULINE SALTZMAN has contributed to a number of publications on psychical subjects. Her article in this issue was written in cooperation with Mr. Louis M. A. Roy, the present occupant of the Oean-Born Mary House, Henniker, New Hampshire. Mr. Roy combines writing and photography with painting, motion picture production and inventing. He has published a number of articles on American antiques and crafts.

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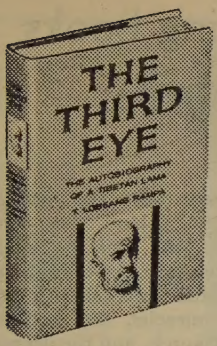

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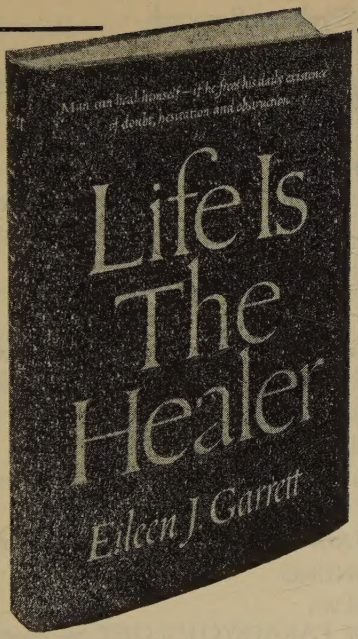

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Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, believed in magical numbers; but his interest in telepathy was soundly scientific

FREUD'S "OCCULT" FASCINATIONS

Emilio Servadio

THE exceptional importance of Dr. Ernest Jones's *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* has by now been recognized throughout the civilized world. The third and last volume of this monumental biography has now appeared (New York: Basic Books, Inc. 537 pp. $7.50), and it completes the picture of Freud's lively, human and scholarly personality. The biography adds further to our understanding of the manifold aspects and extraordinary magnitude of Freud's genius, which Jones, who for so many years was his collaborator and friend, has placed before us.

One full chapter of the third volume, the fourteenth chapter, deals with Freud's position regarding so-called "occultism"—a German expression that is still occasionally used to mean parapsychology. This chapter is of particular interest to students of parapsychology, because while Freud's "official" attitude in the matter could be inferred from his published work, his personal feel-

ings, conflicts and emotions on the subject were familiar to only a very small circle of relatives and friends. We must be grateful to Dr. Jones for this invaluable contribution to our knowledge.

The "occultism" chapter is written, as is the whole biography, unassumingly and not too systematically. We are reminded among other things that Freud wrote his first note on a problem of "occultism" as early as 1899 (to be precise, it was a case of alleged, and surely imaginary, precognition). In his famous book, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1904, 1910), whose first edition appeared in 1904 and was followed by many revised and enlarged ones, Freud dealt at some length with the origin of several superstitions, and manifested a well-worded skepticism about prophetic dreams and telepathic phenomena.

But by 1921 his attitude seemed to have undergone a striking change. He wrote a full-length essay, *Psychoanalysis and Telepathy*, which he would probably have presented to the International Psychoanalytic Congress of 1922 if Jones himself, and others, had not insisted that he should not do so. Instead of giving this essay to the press, Freud put it aside (it was published only after his death, in 1941), and wrote another article, to which he gave the more cautiously worded title, "Dreams and Telepathy" (1922). In this article, Freud, for the first time, publicly admitted the possibility of telepathic phenomena.

Why Freud Changed His Mind

WE shall see a little later the main reasons for this impressive shift in Freud's orientation. One is bound to recall that in "Dreams and Telepathy" Freud offers, on the basis of a few episodes he had come across, an hypothesis regarding the unconscious *modus operandi* of certain "clairvoyants". According to Freud, such subjects might perceive, by thought transference, conscious or unconscious phantasies of their clients, and express them in a distorted fashion. The distortion—such as displacing into the future an event which has already occurred, or attributing to someone an experience which may have occurred to somebody else—would serve to hide unpleasant or alarming aspects of the phantasies themselves. In the spontaneous cases of telepathy, similar defense mechanisms might operate with the subject of the experience.

One of Freud's correspondents had written him the following: he had dreamt that his second wife had given birth to twins, and that during the same night his daughter (that is, the daughter of his first wife) had indeed given birth to twins, about one month earlier than expected. Freud interpreted this case as follows: assuming that there had been a telepathic com-

munication, the telepathic stimulus might have aroused in the sleeper a condemned phantasy (to be the father, not the grandfather, of the expected offspring); and the dream's "censor" could have distorted such a phantasy, making him visualize as his own the twins of a legitimate wife and escape the condemnation of an incest wish.

Freud's opinion was that, similarly, psychoanalysis might explain some possible telepathic contents which also could have undergone "censoring" and distortions. This process, in turn, would also have rendered them unrecognizable, unless they were properly interpreted.

With this memorable observation, which he made almost casually, Freud opened a new path to parapsychological investigations, clearly showing that in the search for possible paranormal events, one should not stick to the immediate aspects of a psychological phenomenon, (such as the manifest content of a dream), but should look behind the screens and distortions which such occurrences might undergo according to the laws of psychodynamics. We strongly doubt that this stroke of genius was duly appreciated when Freud wrote his article. It has been certainly disregarded by Jones.

Enter: Jung and Ferenczi

WE may now ask: what had happened? Which facts or experiences had prompted Freud to relinquish his former skepticism, and to accept telepathy—at least as a possibility? Here Dr. Jones's information is of paramount importance, even if we may differ from his evaluation of the facts. There existed in Freud, as Jones informs us, along with exceptional capacities of rational criticism, certain curious leanings toward superstitious or magical thinking. At the crossroads between uncritical belief and ironical skepticism stood, for instance, strange ideas that Freud had about the importance in his own life of the figures 28 and 23; or the phantasy that he would die at the age of 61 or 62.

On this uneven ground fell, at a certain point, the seeds of two men with whose personalities Jones could hardly sympathize: C. G. Jung and Sandor Ferenczi. Jung was then still a follower and a friend of Freud's, and had a strong interest in several aspects of the "occult" (an interest, by the way, which has never subsided; that for Jung, as well as for his followers, so-called "paranormal" cognition is one of several possible ways of gaining knowledge). Brilliant and restless, Ferenczi—one of the most original talents in the psychoanalytic movement—was also attracted by such problems, and met them with much zeal and very uncritical enthusiasm. Ferenczi introduced Freud to some subjects who purported to be "clairvoyant." Freud was moderately impressed,

but accepted thought transference as a possibility. He was much more struck by presumptive extra-sensory communications between Ferenczi and a patient, to the point of stating that these occurrences had "put an end to any possible remaining doubt about the reality of thought-transference."

Jung and Ferenczi, at that time, were exchanging letters, and were thinking of carrying out "a crusade in the field of mysticism." Although he was convinced that the cause was a good one, Freud at this point was definite in advising caution. He brushed off Jung's pleading in favor of astrology, and could not share Ferenczi's opinion, that the famous Elberfeld horses were "telepathic." Nevertheless, his interest in telepathy was reinforced by a book by Wilhelm Stekel, *Telepathic Dreams* (1920).

After having refused, in 1921, three offers of co-editorship in three magazines of psychical research he broke the ice with the famous letter to the American psychic researcher Hereward Carrington, in which he declared: "If I had my life to live over again I should devote myself to psychical research rather than to psychoanalysis." Some years later, Freud, in perfect good faith, denied that he had written such a sentence. But Nandor Fodor obtained a photostatic copy of the letter, and the words quoted were certainly there.

Jones: Forever Skeptical

THIS, then, is the "inside story" of the process that caused Freud, first to write the article "Psychoanalysis and Telepathy," and then to publish "Dreams and Telepathy." Jones was, and has remained, a skeptic about all kinds of paranormal phenomena. It is all too evident that, to his mind, Freud's admissions about the "occult" are on the same level as his weaknesses concerning "fateful" numbers or obscure prophecies.

Our own opinion is, of course, different. Not only are we unable to find in Freud's articles on "occult" subjects any indulgence toward "magical thinking", but it appears quite clear that the explorer of the unconscious adopted in his approach to parapsychological problems the same unprejudiced attitude as when he first dealt with infantile sexuality or the aetiology of neuroses.

It should not be forgotten, by the way, that Freud was not a man who would merely listen passively to Jung's or Ferenczi's suggestions. He had been a member of the Society for Psychical Research, London, since 1911, a member of the American Society for Psychical Research since 1915, and he certainly did not neglect to read the publications of these societies. In fact, he wrote to Jones in 1924:

"The strongest literary impression of this month came to me from

a Report on Telepathy Experiments with Professor [Gilbert] Murray (Proceedings of the S. P. R., Dec. 24). I confess that the impression made by these reports was so strong that I am ready to give up my opposition to the existence of thought-transference.... I should even be prepared to lend the support of psychoanalysis to the matter of telepathy."

Freud was indeed quite ready to give open support to the cause of psychical research, and to commit the psychoanalytic movement in its favor; but once again Jones prevented him from taking this initiative by writing a circular letter on the dangers of such a move. Freud became again very cautious, and his attitude had a direct influence upon the ever-changing projects of the irrepressible Ferenczi.

Some new disagreements—though well within the limits of their profound friendship—between Freud and Jones, occurred after the appearance of the fourth volume of Freud's *Collected Papers* (1925), which included the essay "Dreams and Telepathy," and after publication of the third volume of *Gesammelte Schriften*, containing a special section on "The Occult Significance of Dreams" ("Die Okkulte Bedeutung des Traumes"). The review *Psyche* criticized the essays in an article with the significant title "The Conversion of Freud." Jones circulated a letter, in which he expressed his apprehension lest Freud's attitude could have damaging repercussions on the whole psychoanalytic movement. Freud replied that one should have the courage of one's convictions, and that his experiences with Ferenczi and with his daughter Anna had convinced him that "the diplomatic considerations on the other side had to give way."

The Forsyth Case

OTHER important episodes reflecting on Freud's interest in "occult" phenomena are more widely known. In his essay on "The Occult Significance of Dreams" (1925), Freud briefly pointed to the role that unconscious emotional factors were bound to play in telepathic communications. He also described "topographical" changes, from unconscious to preconscious levels, in the contents of such communications.

In the second chapter (Lecture 30) of his *New Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis* (1932), Freud reexamined some of the items he had considered in his previous writings, and reported a new case, which has become famous as "the case of Dr. Forsyth." In his analysis of the circumstances, Freud offered plenty of detail. These are connected in a manner that makes for fascinating reading. He ends by showing that telepathy was a likely explanation of the fact that his patient P. had in some way "per-

ceived" that Freud's interest had shifted from him, and had been directed toward a new patient who had arrived from England.

According to Jones, "many would consider the case the most tenuous of those related as there could be so many alternative explanations to telepathy." Again, we are not, inclined to agree, but here we can only refer the interested reader to the original script, and to a particular study made of "the Forsyth case" by this writer in "Le conditionnement transférentiel et contre-transférentiel des évènements 'psi' au cours de l'analyse," *Acta Psychotherapeutica, Psychosomatica, et Orthopaedagogica*, Vol. III (1955).

In his closing considerations, Jones states that from the reported material it would be just as easy to select quotations illustrating Freud's critical skepticism as to quote passages which show the very opposite. In his opinion, this fact indicates two fundamental features in Freud's personality: the coexistence of the wish to believe and of the warning to disbelieve. The topic of the occult—all said and done—"perplexed him to distraction" (Freud's words).

"Freud was right," says Jones in the last paragraph of his chapter, "in his prediction that analysts would be found who would adopt a belief in telepathy; it has even been suggested that use might be made of the process in the course of psychoanalytic treatment!"

The tone of the sentence shows very clearly Jones's deprecating attitude toward what must appear to him the running loose of a few analysts, who have followed uncritically a rather unfortunate example given them by Freud. In his references, Jones quotes at this point a few titles from the literature, mentioning Helene Deutsch, Jan Ehrenwald, Nandor Fodor and this writer—plus, of course, George Devereux's anthology *Psychoanalysis and the Occult* (New York, 1953). Frankly, the quotations selected by Jones are scanty and not very representative. Suffice to say that Fodor is quoted only for his article *Through the Gates of Horn*; and this writer is represented by only two articles, one written 24, the other 22 years ago!

Where Jones Is Biased

BUT this is obviously not what really matters. Much more important seems to us that Jones's final assessment of post-Freud developments in the psychoanalytic approach to psi phenomena is biased and, on the whole, unjustified. Some paragraphs may suffice to demonstrate that the students who have followed Freud's example have not been pursuing a mirage; that they have in fact, obtained a good harvest—which, by the way, should indicate that Freud's own interest was basically sound, and should not retrospective-

ly be regarded as a regrettable weakness.

In the final part of his last essay on "occult" phenomena (1932), Freud pointed out, hypothetically and in passing, the archaic and regressive character of telepathic occurrences. He thus anticipated a view which nowadays is shared by an increasing number of psychoanalysts, parapsychologists and anthropologists. Telepathy, wrote Freud, "may be the original archaic method by which individuals understood each other, and which has been pushed into the background by the better method of communication, by means of signs apprehended by the sense organs. But such older methods may have persisted in the background, and may still manifest themselves under certain conditions."

In fact, modern researchers have given much of their time to a closer and more detailed study of such "conditions" as is amply shown in the Devereux anthology. After Freud's essay came I. Hollos' "Psychopathologie Alltäglicher Telepatischer Erscheinungen" ("Psychopathology of Everyday Telepathic Occurrences"; *Imago*, 1933) and this writer's "Psychoanalyse und Telepathie" (*Imago*, 1935); in which it was first pointed out that telepathic communications between analyst and patient could be related to preconscious or unconscious emotional problems that had become "mutual". Fodor then published his essay on "Telepathic Dreams" (*American Imago, 1942*) and stated that "the clue to a complete understanding of a dream sometimes lies in an event which we cannot know about through the patient's associations alone," adding that "in some instances, we may find the missing clue by analysing our own dreams in relationship to our patients."

The extension of this idea from the field of dream activity to the whole of the preconscious or unconscious mental life of the analyst—an extension which the present writer had anticipated in 1935—was splendidly developed and worked through by Jule Eisenbud in several articles which he started publishing immediately after the last war, including "Telepathy and Problems of Psychoanalysis" (*Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, 1946) and "The Dreams of Two Patients" (*Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, 1947).

At the same time, our ranks were growing, and the contributions of psychiatry and "depth psychology" to parapsychology were being enriched by the essays and the books of Jan Ehrenwald, notably his two books "*Telepathy and Medical Psychology* (New York, 1948) and *New Dimensions of Deep Analysis* (New York, 1954), of which a condensation appeared in TOMORROW, Spring 1955. Ehrenwald particularly considered the mental and/or physical conditions of the

subjects of telepathic experiences (theory of the "minus function"), and the distortions and errors in the communications ("scatter" theory). Additional contributions were made by such well-known and reputed psychoanalysts as Geraldine Pederson-Krag, Montague Ullman, Sydney Rubin, W. H. Gillespie, currently President of the International Psychoanalytical Association.

This writer continued to report detailed examples of psi phenomena in the analytic setting, and to offer evidence of the "complementarity" of the psychological conditions to which they seemed constantly related ("A Presumptively Telepathic-Precognitive Dream during Analysis," *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, 1955). The utility and the heuristic value of the psychoanalytic approach to parapsychology were tested in other fields besides that of telepathic phenomena, such as dowsing (Servadio), poltergeist phenomena (Fodor), mediumship (Servadio) and precognition (particularly Ehrenwald and Eisenbud).

In 1956, at the Royaumont Conference, sponsored by the Parapsychology Foundation, the most impressive contributions were the psychoanalytic and depth-psychological papers presented by Ehrenwald, Eisenbud, C. A. Meier (the well-known Jungian psychiatrist) and the present writer. The theme of the Conference, which took place from April 30 to May 4, 1956, was "Psychology and Parapsychology."

In a communication presented to the Nineteenth International Congress of Psychoanalysis (Geneva, 1955) and published subsequently in the *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, this writer has sought to summarize the main theoretical results of investigations, which have taken place over a period of about twenty years, regarding the "conditioning" of telepathic occurrences during a psychoanalytic treatment —a conditioning apparently due to particular phases and overtones of the so-called "transference- countertransference" situation. Considering this situation as the typical apex of a total series of everyday events, but not as intrinsically different from these, this writer has tentatively described the general psychological premises of *any* telepathic communication. This has, so far, been the latest advance in a search which would have not taken place, had Freud failed to give the lead.

A California policeman relates a tale of a murdered theater manager and a slain criminal, foreseen in a moment of jest

TEMPEST FROM A TEA CUP

by

Superintendent Walter J. Macy, Retired, San Diego, California, Police Department, as told to Edward A. Dieckman

"WALTER, would you like me to tell you what I see in your tea-cup?"

I grinned across the table at the woman. I took no stock in such stuff—reading tea leaves, spirit consultations, or fortune telling in any form. In fact I felt that people who performed such "services" were fakes pure and simple. But this woman wasn't the usual run-of-the-mill type. For one thing, she was a close friend of my wife. For another, she was a pleasant person—full of fun. One of those people you like to be around. On this particular evening, May 4, 1923, I'd dropped in at Mrs. Myrtle Hoffmann's home on Marlborough Avenue, in San Diego, on my way home from Police Headquarters, to pick up my wife who'd spent the afternoon with Mrs. Hoffmann. She had invited me to have a cup of tea.

"Sure," I said with a laugh. "Go right ahead. But watch it—I just might arrest you, Myrtle. Do you want to chance it?"

She laughed. "Oh, you!" she said. "I know what a skeptic you are about these things, Walter. Let's just call it a game. Okay?"

I finished my tea and passed my cup to her.

"No," she said. "Place the cup on its side in the saucer. That's right. Now let me have it."

Death in the Tea Leaves

I'D been a police officer for over sixteen years at that time. It was my business to read all I could from facial expressions, and I was

pretty good at it. As I watched Mrs. Hoffmann's face, I saw fear appear in her eyes. She gasped, her face paled, her lips parted slightly, and she gripped the table edge with force enough to whiten her knuckles.

She glanced up at me. "I see death in these tea leaves," she said. "This is hard for me to believe even though I've been doing this for many years. Two deaths" —she moved the cup slightly. "One man—a civilian—is shot literally full of holes. Like a sieve. Another man—a business man—is also dead, and a man in uniform—he wears black boots—is hurt very badly. Wait—this will happen Sunday night, Walter, but I can't tell you where."

"My God!" my wife exclaimed. "Is it—"

"It's not Walter, Maude. Now listen. Here's what I see."

What she said—and the manner of the telling—was very much like the description an observant person would give of a motion picture. That's how the story unfolded. I don't hesitate to admit that the narration sent an icy chill along my policeman's spine. I didn't believe it. It couldn't be true, but it held me tense and a bit breathless nevertheless. Such stuff was for those—I considered them deluded —who went in for spirit consultations in darkened rooms with table-rappings, trances and table liftings by gaunt women who called themselves high priestesses of the occult.

Myrtle Hoffmann was not such a woman. She was calm-faced, trim of build, with dark brown hair neatly arranged—a woman who under ordinary circumstances had laughing eyes and a down-to-earth sense of humor. She sat there now, in the breakfast nook of her attractive home, and told me a thing that I shouldn't even consider. But I did.

At any rate she'd impressed me enough to send me to the door of Chief of Police Joe Doran's office the next morning. I lifted my fist to knock—but I couldn't face the hard-boiled man in there with the story I had to tell. Not at the moment. At the same time, I knew I'd have to do it. There was a compulsion—a force.

It took courage. Perhaps this sounds silly. But there it is. I'd faced gun-fire. Without second thought I'd walked into a tong war episode where meat cleavers, knives and a pitch-fork were being used with murderous intent. But now—well, all I had to do was go and talk with a close friend. Yet I hesitated half of a long day. It was the fear of ridicule—fear of the look on Chief Doran's grim Irish face when I'd told him what I had to say. Would he think I'd gone stark raving mad—me, the man who scoffed at anything "supernatural"?

It was mid-afternoon when I finally walked into the Chief's office. He glanced up at me.

"Hi, Walt. What's on your mind?" he greeted me. "Get a load off your feet. I'll be with you in a minute. Gotta finish checking this budget report—Hey, what the hell's the matter with you? You look like you'd seen a spook!"

"Spook?" I croaked. "No—not a spook. Look, Joe. I know damn well what you think of fortune tellers. But I've simply got to tell you this. You can do as you please afterwards—except don't tell a soul about it. I've been trying all day to get myself in here. It hasn't been easy. Now listen:

"There's going to be an armed robbery Sunday night. Two men will be killed. One of our officers will be shot—a motorcycle man, I think. It's a stick-up of a business place. But I don't know whether or not the officer will die and I don't know where the stick-up will be. I had to tell you." I gripped the arms of my chair waiting for the storm.

"Are You Due for a Vacation?"

JOE Doran looked at me, his eyebrows lifted, the hint of a smile hovering on his lips. He leaned back in his swivel chair, rested his elbows on the arms, and clasped his hands.

"Just how did you come by this information, Walt?" he asked. "You mentioned fortune tellers. Don't tell me that—"

"Yes," I cut in. "That's it." I told him about Myrtle Hoffmann. "It wasn't a reading appointment, Joe. I'm positive it all started as a joke on the lady's part. It certainly was on mine. But—damn it—you'd have to have seen her to understand why I'm in here telling you this. How intense she was. Her eyes—her face. That woman was telling me what she believed to be the truth. I'm convinced of that."

Joe stared at me, biting a corner of his lower lip.

"Do *you* think it was the truth, Walt?"

I shrugged. "I'm simply passing it along to you," I replied. "That's the way it affected me—I *had* to tell you. What do you think of it?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Joe Doran let his chair come forward with a crash. "I never thought I'd live to see the day a cop like you—a skeptic—a guy who deals in nothing but such facts as fingerprints and eyewitness testimony, would come into my office and seriously tell a story like this. When are you due for your vacation, Walt? Maybe we'd better step it up a bit."

I stood up. I felt like an utter fool. I probably looked like one. "Maybe I've pulled a boner," I stammered. My voice was shrill, I remember. "But I'm positive that Mrs. Hoffmann was telling what

she considered the truth. The manner in which she described it. It—"

"And all from tea leaves, eh?" Joe cut me off short. He rose, came around the desk and placed a big hand on my shoulder, squeezing it a little.

"Take it easy, Walt. We'll just forget the whole thing, huh? What's been said is between you and me." He escorted me to the door.

Back in the Identification Bureau, I slumped at my desk. Had I been a fool? I could imagine what would happen if Chief Doran even whispered a word about the story. The ribbing I'd get would be cruel. The newspapers might even get their hooks into it. It is difficult, even now, to describe my feelings that afternoon. I remember one thing—I felt that I'd rather be dead than have this story get around.

I carried those thoughts home with me that night, took them to church with me the next day, and went to sleep with them Sunday night. I was pretty difficult to get along with that week-end, grim-faced, harassed in my mind, and dreading the thought of going to work Monday morning and having to face the gang.

I arrived at police headquarters at 7:30 A.M. As I started up the steps to the headquarters office, I saw Chief Doran standing at the head of the stairs. He had his fists on his hips, he was unshaven, and his bright-colored tie was askew.

"I've been waiting for you," he snapped. "Come into my office."

As I followed him down the hallway, I noted that there was unusual activity in the detective bureau for that time of morning. The feeling of apprehension that had been building up inside me mounted.

"Sit down." Joe jerked out a chair. "Now who the hell is this woman you talked to? How well do you know her?"

"I told you her name," I snapped back at him. "She's a family friend. We've known her fifteen years or more. A fine person. Why—"

"She was right!" Joe interrupted. "The California Theatre was stuck up at 11:45 P.M. last night. The manager was killed, and a policeman was wounded. Two men pulled the job. James F. Malloy, the theatre manager, was shot and killed. Two young fellows in the foyer saw the killer run out and got the license number of the get-away car. It was broadcast. Two of the motorcycle officers—Archie Comstock and Tom Remington—spotted the car a bit later. Comstock tried to run them in to the curb but they shot him—knocked him off his motorcycle. He managed to get off a few shots at them. Tom

Remington emptied his gun. He stopped long enough to learn the extent of Comstock's injuries—he's badly hurt but not fatally. The car was found abandoned on a side street near the edge of the First Avenue Canyon."

A Bloody Trail

JOE was pacing back and forth now, words tumbling forth. There was blood on the car seat, he continued. Officers converged on the deep, brush-covered canyon. Sheriff's deputies had joined in the search. They picked up a bloody trail that led to the cellar door of a house on the canyon rim. One panel of the closed door was marked with fluid blood.

Inside the building, unless the officers' calculations were altogether wrong, lurked two desperate men, armed and ready to kill. They wouldn't hesitate to shoot. They'd already killed a civilian and seriously wounded a police officer.

But the officers didn't hesitate. Deputy Sheriff Blake Mason flung the door open.

"Come out of there," he ordered.

Not a sound came from the cellar depths.

Detective Sergeant Hugh Rochefort shot the beam of his flashlight into the darkness as he spoke.

"We've got you surrounded. Come out with your hands up or we'll come in shooting."

Still no response from within.

Rochefort hitched up his trousers grimly, and glanced at Mason.

Mason nodded.

Side by side, the two officers stepped into the cellar. Mason moved to the right of the door, Rochefort to the left. Each held his sawed-off shotgun thrust before him, the flashlight lying along the barrel.

Directly ahead of him, Rochefort saw a pile of discarded window frames. On the topmost one he saw a spatter of fresh blood. He swung his light beam to the left and slowly swept the wall of the cellar. Nothing but a set of laundry trays came into view. Next in the beam of the flashlight came a pile of boxes. Directly to the right of the pile the officer saw a brick chimney. Behind the chimney the ground rose abruptly.

Meanwhile Mason was sweeping his end of the cellar with a probing beam of light.

"See anything, Hugh?" he asked.

"No," Rochefort grunted.

The two officers started toward the south end of the cellar. Suddenly there came a slight noise behind them.

The officers whirled, their flashlights focused on the chimney. There—barely visible—was the foot and lower leg of a man extending from behind the tower of bricks.

"Come out of there, you!" barked Mason.

The leg and foot drew back. There was no further movement.

Mason stepped forward and fired.

There came the blast of another shot as Rochefort swung into action. Into the beams of the flashlights stepped a dim figure behind the chimney.

Both officers fired again—and again. The figure crashed to the dirt floor. Now the cellar was swarming with police. Officer Frank Beatty dragged the figure into the center of the room. He was dead—killed instantly.

Chief Doran paused and nodded:

"Your tea-leaves lady told you, Walt, that there'd be two deaths—that a man in uniform would be wounded. She said one of the dead men would be so full of holes he'd look like a sieve. All right—the man in the cellar, Otto Andrew Morrissery, an ex-convict, caught four blasts from automatic shotguns loaded with buckshot. A sieve describes the situation very well. But he's not the man who killed Malloy—that fellow had tattooed hands. He was with him all right. The body's been identified. How the hell could Mrs. Hoffmann know? How, for God's sake?"

Joe Doran briefed me on what happened in the theatre.

Miss Eula H. Schneider, in charge of the California Theatre courtesy staff, was the first to see the killer. The slim man accosted her in the lobby.

"Where's the guy in charge?" he demanded. His breath reeked of whiskey, and he spoke with a menacing snarl.

"You mean the manager?"

"I mean the guy in the tux—the guy that runs the joint."

"He's busy at the moment," Miss Schneider replied.

"I got a message for him," the man said.

"I'll tell him." Miss Schneider ran up the padded stairway to the balcony where the manager's office was located. She told Malloy about the man.

"Send him up," Malloy instructed her.

With Malloy were Henry Peterson, manager of the Cabrillo Theatre, and West Gregg, a friend of Malloy.

There was a quick rap on the door. Peterson flung it open.

"Stick 'em up, you guys," came the barked command. The man, his hat pulled low over his eyes, covered the three with a black revolver.

Peterson and Gregg, who were standing, elevated their hands. Malloy, seated at his desk, spread his hands, palms down upon the polished surface.

"Now open the safe," was the order. Malloy started to obey and reached for a slip of paper in his vest pocket on which he'd written the numbers of the newly-changed safe combination.

Misinterpreting the movement as a sign of resistance, the bandit fired Malloy's body jerked with the impact and he slumped across the desk with blood spurting from a wound at the base of his neck. The bandit fled.

Miss Schneider heard the shot. She saw the armed robber run down the stairs and out of the theatre. He leaped into a parked car, which roared away at once.

"There was another man in the car," she reported to detectives. "He was parked in front. The motor was running."

Both Gregg and Peterson furnished excellent descriptions of the murderer. They insisted that they'd be able to recognize him under any circumstances. He had one identifying feature that stood out beyond all others. The backs of his fingers, on both hands, were tattooed with letters or figures.

The dead stick-up man, Otto Andrew Morrissery, an ex-convict, had a residence of sorts in Long Beach, California. Through friends of the man we identified his companion on the night of the murder as James Durant, alias Ralph Hill, and discovered an excellent picture of the fellow and his description on a merchant seaman's certificate of American citizenship. He too had a police record. From this I obtained his fingerprint classification. The tattooing on his fingers were the words "True Love."

End of the Chase

HE led the police of the nation a long chase. It wasn't until March 1, 1933, five years after the murder, that he was arrested in Logan, Utah. He stole two pair of silk socks in a store in that city. He was identified by his fingerprints—and there's a story in that, too.

The sheriff at Logan had installed his fingerprint system only two days prior to Durant's arrest. Durant was the first prisoner he printed!

James Durant was returned to San Diego on March 8, 1933. On March 10, he entered a plea of guilty to murder and attempted armed robbery and was sentenced to a life term in Folsom Prison.

And Mrs. Myrtle Hoffmann?

On the day following the murder, Chief Joe Doran released the whole story to the press. It created a sensation for a while—long enough for Mrs. Hoffmann to be hounded to within an inch of her life by people who wanted to learn what the future held for them. So far as I know, she never made another prediction like the one she made to me.

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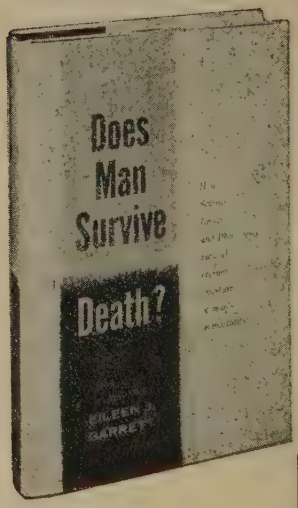

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A suave jewel-merchant of Simla, India, a model for Kipling and Crawford characters, was even more amazing in real life

THE HEALER OF PEARLS

Nandor Fodor

I HAVE long been fascinated by the strange life and legends of Jacob of Simla, the famous Indian diamond merchant who amazed the world with his occult feats during the early years of this century. Immortalized in the popular novels of Rudyard Kipling (*Kim*) and Marion Crawford (*Mr. Isaacs*), Jacob has become an elusive figure, whose fictional counterparts and real self are so confused that the world knows little or nothing of the actual secret of his life.

According to Jacob himself, he was born in Baghdad, an appropriate place of origin for one who was later alleged to perform such Arabian Nights feats as walking on water, growing grapes from a cane, transporting men and objects over great distances in minutes, and other phenomena of a miraculous nature. But the birth of the legend of Jacob began more prosaically, in a colonial hotel in Simla, India, a few years before the turn of the century.

There the diamond merchant met a young English writer, Marion Crawford, and invited him to his rooms for a smoke. Thus began a great friendship, as the writer stood in amazement before the wonders he saw in the room. He recorded his first impression of the room and the man in his book, *Mr. Isaacs*, and the legend of Jacob the miracle man was born.

"For some minutes after I entered I did not speak, indeed I

hardly breathed. It seemed to me that I was suddenly transported into the subterranean chambers whither the wicked magician sent Aladdin in quest of the lamp....In the first glance it appeared as if the walls and the ceiling were lined with gold and precious stones; and in reality it was almost literally the truth.... Every available space, nook and cranny was filled with gold and jeweled ornaments, shining weapons or uncouth but resplendent idols....Gorgeous lamps of the octagonal Oriental shape hung from the ceiling and cast their soothing light all around. The floor was covered with a rich, soft pile, and low divans were heaped with cushions of deep-tinted silk and gold....superbly illuminated Arabic manuscripts. .. I stood speechless and amazed....

"At last I turned, and from contemplating the magnificence and inanimate wealth, I was riveted by the majestic face and expression of the beautiful living creature, who by a turn of his wand, or, to speak prosaically, by an invitation to smoke, had lifted me out of the humdrum into a land peopled with all the effulgent fantasy and the priceless realities of the magic East."

Fiction and Fact

IN THIS novel, Marion Crawford created a hero who was every bit as wonderful as his surroundings: a Mr. Isaacs who was a disciple of Ram Lal, a great Brahmin initiate, who appears from thin air and vanishes via the fourth dimension. The imagination of the reading public was stirred by *Mr. Isaacs*, making it a great popular success. It was also the source of inspiration for Rudyard Kipling, who took the same Jacob of Simla and turned him into Lurgan Sahib, mysterious secret agent in *Kim*. Marion Crawford had surrounded his version of Mr. Jacob with mystical power and beauty, whereas Kipling's version of Mr. Jacob was an awesome, frightening figure in the life of his boy hero, Kim:

"A black bearded man, with a green shade over his eyes, sat at a table, and one by one, with short, white hands, picked up globules of light from a tray before him, threaded them with a silken string, and hummed to himself the while....Lurgan Sahib slid off the green shade and looked fixedly at Kim for half a minute. The pupils of his eyes dilated and closed to pin-pricks, as if at will. There was a fakir by the Taksali Gate who had just this gift."

Kipling's first touch of magic occurs when Lurgan Sahib mesmerizes Kim into seeing a broken jar take shape again—revealing himself as the Healer of Pearls:

"There is no one but me can doctor a sick pearl and re-blue turquoise. I grant you opals—any fool can cure an opal—but for a sick pearl there is only me. Suppose I were to die! Then there would be no one."

The reading public was greatly impressed by these descriptions—but Jacob of Simla, the man behind these characters, was himself most deeply affected. He found himself an idolized superman through the novels of two prominent English writers. Indeed Jacob *was* clever, rich and generous. However, this supposed worker of magic suffered deeply from his real history, which drove him to attempt to live up to his fictional counterparts, thereby compensating for the true facts of his life. Of these, the world knew nothing.

My researches have revealed that Jacob was born a Jew, sold into slavery in his early youth, and tatooed with a slave mark that remained on his body throughout his lifetime. In addition to this, Jacob was a eunuch. These facts were quite consistent with his remarkable behavior. Only a former slave could squander money as he did, and only a man suffering from loss of manhood would go to such extremes to create a mystery around himself. Even those friends who had learned the secret of his religious and caste origin knew nothing of the castration that had marred his life.

Jacob's Parade of Marvels

IT WAS a self-styled magician, Tautriadelta, who first acquainted the West with the miraculous powers of the real Jacob of Simla, in W. T. Stead's magazine of the occult, *Borderland* (April, 1896). This followed the publication of Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs* (1888) and preceded the publication of *Kim* (1901). The *Borderland* editors would not personally vouch for the authenticity of Tautriadelta's report—which indeed would need a great deal of vouching.

Tautriadelta described himself as a fellow initiate, and Jacob as one to whom "common report attributed all the powers of Moses and more." The diamond merchant excelled himself in entertaining his fellow disciple. He grew bunches of ripe, black grapes on a grapevine walking stick, owned by a Scottish surgeon-major, by the simple act of placing it on its knob in a bowl of water and muttering magic words over it. Whereupon, Tautriadelta says, rootlets issued from the knob, and to the sound of a continuous crackling came shoots, twigs, leaves, flowers and finally small bunches of green grapes which, presto, ripened in ten minutes.

They ate the grapes and Tautriadelta, wary of hypnotic tricks, transferred half a bunch into his pocket (where, after the session, it was duly discovered). The walking stick, after being covered with a white sheet, became its old self.

This "miracle" was followed by such marvels as Jacob's demonstration of walking on the water of a pond in his garden, and impaling Tautriadelta with a sword. The only ill effects of this latter feat, reported his disciple, was "a curious icy feeling, as though I had drunk some very cold water."

But the crowning miracle surpassed all this. Says Tautriadelta:

"Shut your eyes and imagine that you are in the bedroom in your bungalow, Jacob said to me.

"I did so.

"Now open your eyes, he said.

"I opened them to find that I was in my bedroom—three-quarters of a mile in two seconds."

These marvelous stories now spread through Europe and strayed back to India, recrossing the ocean more adorned. Mr. Jacob had finally surpassed his fictional counterparts.

Curry at the Embassy

THE BRITISH Society for Psychical Research was aroused by additional reports of Jacob's marvels. One of its members in India interviewed Jacob. Jacob was quoted as saying that the budding and blossoming of the walking stick was a trick with a prepared stick and a bit of sleight-of-hand. The thrust of the sword into the body was a simple matter. One had to pinch the flesh where it was to be pierced until the blood was driven away, then "the only further precautions to be taken are to avoid vital places and to take care that air does not enter the wound."

Regarding the walking on water, Jacob said:

"I did not walk on the water, though I appeared to; but I was supported in the air by my 'friend,' who was invisible to others."

This friend was Mr. Jacob's *guide*, (apparently the Ram Lal of *Mr. Isaacs*) a man who had died (according to the diamond merchant) one hundred and fifty years earlier. Now he acted as Mr. Jacob's guardian and spirit "postman," delivering letters over vast distances in the nick of time as need arose.

Altogether, it was a fascinating story, but Jacob must have realized that miracles are not much good if they can be explained. So, seeing himself firmly established as a miracle man, from then on he wisely refrained from explaining.

Some time later, Edmund Russel, an Englishman who had read of Jacob, met him in Hyderabad and

was anxious to see his miracles.

"I am under a ban," Jacob told him. "I did a foolish thing at a London dinner party, so I have been suspended from the order for nine years. The time is up in thirteen months, and you will have to wait in India if you really want to know me.

"I was guest of an ambassador. Speaking of various dishes, the hostess said: 'Is Indian curry so delightful? I long to taste some.' Beckoning to my Arab boy, who always attended me, I told him to go into the next room and bring me a platter he would find there. Presently, he returned with a steaming dish—brought from the Himalayas in just three minutes. But for this I was severely reprimanded, as we miracle workers are not allowed to exhibit our powers for the amusement of a London dinner party."

A charming story, but not so effective as any of the miracles performed for Mr. Russel's benefit would have been. Unfortunately, it was a story which was easily penetrated by one of Jacob's acquaintances, who later told me that the faithful servant cooked the curry while Jacob cooked the story.

The Tragic Ruse

MANY years ago in London, at the house of a friend, I met a man who for thirty years had been private tutor of the Nizam of Hyderabad. I asked him if he knew Jacob. He did. What did he know of his occult powers? He looked at me uncomprehendingly. I explained. He said he had never heard of them. The only miracle Jacob had ever performed that he knew of, he said, was that Jacob had "stung" Imre Schwaiger, an astute Delhi businessman, to whom he sold his business.

I sat bolt upright. Imre Schwaiger! I knew him well. Here was a chance to follow Jacob's trail.

I called at Mr. Schwaiger's London office. He had just returned from Delhi and I found him with Mr. Angelo, his London business associate.

They had known Jacob intimately for a period of thirty to forty years, but were amazed when I told them of the miracles with which Jacob was credited in the West.

"He was a remarkable man," Schwaiger commented. "Extremely vain, extremely clever, extremely eccentric. He was very superstitious. If he met a blind man in the street, he would return home lest he should have bad luck. He asked me to bring twenty rupees in new coins on New Year's day, as new silver meant good luck to him. In exchange, he made me accept an emerald ring for myself and a pearl tie-pin for my son, worth thousands.

"He could hate as virulently as he could be generous. If he disliked someone he would not rest until he had ruined him. He lived on a pinnacle of extravagance from which it was very sad to see him tumble down."

It was Mr. Angelo's remarkable reminiscence that seemed to solve Jacob's final mystery—the decline in fortune which Schwaiger had mentioned. He said:

"I think I can throw light on the genesis of the Jacob legend. Something had happened to him after the publication of Marion Crawford's book which made him believe that he was a chosen man; never in his life did he learn he was the victim of a gigantic hoax. I know all about it, because the man who hoaxed him was my own father, Col. Angelo, staff officer to General Nicolson during the Mutiny.

"Jacob was a self-made man and something of a Persian scholar. Of this he was very proud. My father was very fond of hoaxing and he selected Jacob as one of his victims. He wrote to him in Persian and declared himself to be an ascetic living on a faraway mountain top and caring nothing for worldly things. He chided Jacob for his attachment to material pleasures and hinted that there would be great things in store for him if he opened his eyes to spiritual things.

"The letter excited Jacob's imagination. He though it might have come from an actual 'Ram Lal,' and rushed to his friends to read it to them. My father was there and listened in grave silence to his own letter.

"From that day my father wrote to Jacob every week. He led him on, promising power and wealth if he would follow the holy man's advice. The way would be shown.

"These letters were always delivered at night. My father's confidential servant, dressed as a sadhu, knocked at Jacob's door, handed in the letter, and vanished in the shadows. He was strictly instructed never to speak a word. Jacob added color to these mysterious visits by saying that the messenger dissolved into mist before his very eyes.

"The correspondence lasted for years. Jacob grew impatient so the sadhu promised to lead him into a veritable Aladdin's cave if he would obey instructions and would use the treasure for holy ends. He said that the cave was nine miles from Simla in the mountains. Jacob must make the journey alone on foot at night.

"My father knew that Jacob did not count courage among his virtues. He was certain that he would not set out at night by himself. Therefore he had Jacob watched and learned that he took Inayat, his servant, with him,

thereby breaking the pledge that had been exacted from him.

"My father counted on that. It was to be the reason the diamonds would vanish. For both cave and diamonds existed only in my father's imagination. But to his intense amazement, Jacob turned up the following day with a handful of small diamonds. He said that everything had turned out as the sadhu promised. He found the cave and in it the treasure. He swore that he went out alone.

"Thereupon the 'holy man' sent a letter of wrath. He called Jacob a traitor to the great spiritual mission that was prepared for him and cursed him, promising swift vengeance, ruin and desolation from his broken vow.

"The curse uttered as a joke took effect. My father did not count on Jacob's superstitious nature. Jacob was shaken to the core, and from that day on everything went wrong with him. His downfall created a sensation throughout India. He sold a diamond for an exorbitant price to the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Government, being opposed to the extravagance of native rulers, demanded that the Nizam should cancel the deal. Jacob could not agree to it. He started a lawsuit which dragged on and on, costing him a thousand rupees a day. He lost it and was ruined.

"No man in his right mind would have started the great Hyderabad diamond suit against the Nizam. It was the unaccountable act of a haunted man. He lost all he possessed. The Nizam charitably granted him a life annuity of a thousand rupees a month (three hundred seventy-five dollars), but to Jacob, who was used to squandering fortunes, this was nothing. He went blind and died in 1921, a broken man—ruined by my father's tragic ruse."

Jacob of Simla, like many "miracle workers" before and after him, had toyed thoughtlessly with the occult and had thus been led to his own destruction. The only miracle which his life revealed was his own limitless credulity.

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Unsought for messages, foretelling happy occurrences as well as tragic events, have frequently appeared to this housewife

I HAVE NO CHOICE!

Nadean Dorris

WHY AM I "psychic"? I am not schooled in mystic disciplines; nor have I ever tried to develope powers of extra-sensory perception and clairvoyance. I can best be described as a happily married housewife whose outer life has been fairly typical of that of most American women today. My personal life, however, has been marked by unexplained experiences which have convinced me of the reality of a psychic gift which I possess, without ever having desired it.

I have thus experienced trivial, tragic, eerie and gratifying events which fall within the realm of psychic experience. These events do not occur with any predictable regularity; rather, the periods between them have been so long that I have often forgotten the strange powers which I apparently possess. But without choosing to have new psychic experiences, I have found them thrust upon me.

Recently, I have tried to review the course of these events. I am now placing them on record, hoping that someone, somewhere, will be able to explain them.

I was first made conscious of my "powers" by a trivial event. The details have remained fixed in my mind since it was my first psychic

experience. Later, I was to have other experiences that were far more significant in their messages.

Phantom Classmate

ONE FORENOON, just ten minutes before lunch on a hot, sticky, summer day in Chicago, I was sitting at my office desk rather listlessly adding a column of figures. Perhaps the heat and my hunger conspired, and I dozed. The actual feeling, however, was one of leaving myself entirely and returning moments later. In this state, I saw a medium-sized red light, brilliant in its intensity and then fading in light and color very quickly; it repeated this brilliance and fading several times. Then I heard my name spoken, a girl's voice exclaimed how glad she was to see me after all these years, and asked, "What's new, anyway?"

The presence I felt was a girl from my high school graduating class of five years before. But we had shared very few school activities and I had not known her well at all.

My co-worker, returning from lunch, banged the office door shut and startled me awake. She stared at me and asked if I were ill, adding that I looked as if I "had seen a ghost." I remember answering that I was only very hungry and glad she was back so that I was free to leave.

An errand took me to Michigan Boulevard. While walking past a famous jewelry house, I was fascinated by an exotic window display of rubies. One large one, in particular, caught my eye, drawing me closer to the window. I watched the noon sun catch the sparkling highlights of the gem. It danced vividly red in the sunlight and then faded to pale pink.

Just then, a voice spoke my name. I turned and saw my former schoolmate, Lucille S————, standing next to me. Somehow I managed to talk with her awhile—but I was stunned. The scene was repeating itself exactly as it had happened only ten minutes before as I dozed—or dreamed—in my office. I know I must have sounded rather vague, if not downright silly, to my friend.

I reported this lunch hour experience at dinner at home that evening, but no one took particular notice and the conversation turned to other things. I have never received a full explanation of it.

A Romantic Moment

SOME FOUR years passed before the next occurrence. I had just broken my engagement to be married. Quite naturally, I was feeling depressed. I was reading a magazine one evening and the radio was turned low. A girl singer was torching out a popular ballad. I put the magazine aside, leaned back, closed my eyes and just listened.

Once again I had the sensation that I had somehow left my body, and a scene began to unfold.

I appeared to be in a room with another woman and two young men. One of the young men had just proposed to me and I had accepted him. We were joyously telling the other couple of our plans and asking them to be our attendants at the wedding. My brand-new financé was again a person I had not seen in some five years, when he had gone to another city. According to my "dream," he had heard of my broken engagement, had returned to town, and had telephoned me.

Emerging from my dream state, I laughed ruefully at myself. I credited the whole episode to the romantic music, wishful thinking, and, perhaps, my depression.

I suppose it is almost needless to say that in exactly twenty-four hours the young man of my dream did phone. Seven months later he proposed to me at our friends' home and, just as in the dream, the couple came into the room and we asked them to be our wedding attendants.

No detail had been out of place, nor forgotten. Later that evening I described to my fiancé the scene as I had seen it seven months ago. I told my family as well, but they refused to be impressed. Such things, they said, were always happening to people. Maybe, they said, I was "psychic, or something."

Foresight of Death

WE HAD been married a year when World War II erupted. My husband was drafted. As so many other wives did, I joined him at an Army post in the South. It was here I was to know the most tragic of these psychic phenomena.

Among the personnel in the captain's office where I worked was a young and pretty girl from New York City. She and her soldier husband were very popular at the fort. We usually had our coffee breaks together. One afternoon, when we were in the dressing room of the women's quarters, I noticed Ethel was smiling to herself, and I teased her into telling me the reason.

Shyly, she told me there was to be a baby, and how happy she and David were over the news. Instead of hugging her, as I normally would have done, a very strange thing happened. Again I was off into space and a vision appeared before my eyes—this lovely creature, dressed in white, was lying in a coffin. It was so real and so clear that I stood rooted to the spot, horrified at what I was seeing. Almost instantly the scene faded, but I could feel pinpricks all over my skin, and the hair on the back of my neck literally stood straight up.

Only a few seconds had passed, but when I turned to face Ethel and throw my arms around her, she was staring at me in wonder, and instinctively backed away from me.

I didn't know what to do or what to say. Nothing short of sheer torture would have made me reveal my vision to her. Yet I felt I had to explain my lapse somehow. From her behavior, I knew my expression must have been strange—even horror-stricken. I stammered that for a moment I had felt faint, and, laughing as naturally as I could, said that possibly I was joining her in expectant motherhood.

She seemed to accept this at first. Then she almost whispered, "I saw such a look of terror come into your eyes! You were staring straight ahead, as if you saw something awful. Your hand holding your comb was rigid above your head—and for seconds you didn't move or speak."

If I had involuntarily frightened her, she couldn't guess how badly I scared myself. This time, I reported the occurence only to my husband, who was by now, I am sure, convinced I was losing my mind.

When the men got their orders to move, and we said our good-byes, Ethel promised to write from New York as soon as the baby was born. My husband and I had joyously accepted the role of godparents.

Some months later, back in my home town, I returned from work one evening to find in the mail a card announcing the birth of a daughter to Ethel and David. Early the next morning I hurried downtown to send off a present. I was greatly excited to be a godmother for the first time.

Time went by, but no word came from Ethel. I couldn't believe she would neglect to acknowledge the gift or give me news of the baby. Finally I gathered up my courage and wrote her a letter, saying I knew that probably she was busy with a brand-new baby in the house, but that I was eager for news of them all.

This I dread to recall. An answer eventually came back from David, with the sorrowful news that Ethel had died the day after giving birth to their daughter. As the proud father of his first child, he had sent out the announcements the day of the infant's birth. Ethel had had them addressed and stamped, with only the name and weight missing, which David had filled in with the help of his mother-in-law.

Reading this letter, tears streaming down my face, I remembered that terrible vision. It was weeks before I could reply to the heartbroken husband. I did not, of course, tell him of my scene with his wife in the Army barracks, but only of my sadness and sympathy.

It was the most difficult letter I have ever been called upon to write.

I actually prayed that never again would I have these psychic experiences, but it seems you do not turn them off and on at will.

Vision through a Door

THE LATEST one occurred during campaigning for the past Presidential election, when I acted as a precinct worker for my party.

One day, in door-to-door canvassing, I was about to knock on an apartment door when I seemed to be able to see into the closed room.

A woman was sitting in a chair, crying. On hearing my cheerful "Precinct captain calling," she—according to the scene unrolling before my eyes—answered the door, hoping that I could help her. She apologized for her tears, and said her husband had left her. She was dazed, and for the last three days and two nights she had huddled in the apartment alone with her problem. He had taken all the money in the house, she added, as well as the deposits in their joint bank account. She was penniless, with nothing in the house to eat.

I jerked myself back to reality with the closed door still facing me. Deliberately I knocked on the door loudly so I would be heard. I was, of course, met by a woman in tears. She asked if I would come in, and slowly, through her sobs, she told me about her husband leaving her.

I was able to help in this case. Today we are the best of friends. She has remarried, she has a good job—and she constantly reminds me how happy she is that I canvassed would-be voters that afternoon.

How does one respond to these psychic experiences? This is a question that has long troubled me. I have attempted to accept their unheralded occurrence cheerfully, hoping to attain the composure one needs to face the unknown. I am afraid, however, that I have often failed to remain calm when confronted by such psychic events. It may take more than an act of will.

I have looked inside myself for some answer, and none appears. Therefore I submit this record of my psychic experiences to modern researchers, hoping that they may find a meaningful reason for the gift I did not request.

One of the German founders of the science of parapsychology devoted a life-time to research and study of physical mediums

SCHRENCK-NOTZING: PIONEER RESEARCHER

Gerda Walther

WHEN Baron Albert von Schrenck-Notzing died on February 12, 1929, the psychiatrist Albert Moll wrote:

"Now parapsychology is as good as dead. It is no science, and in ten years it will be a mere historical curiosity."

Moll was Schrenck-Notzing's fellow pioneer in hypnotism and psychotherapy, but later became his caustic critic on the subject of psychic research. Fortunately, his bitter prophecy has since been proved wrong—but his statement shows how closely parapsychology and Schrenck-Notzing were linked by many people in Germany.

Schrenck-Notzing was born May 18, 1862, in Oldenburg, the descendant of a noble German family tracing back to the 15th Century. Many of his ancestors were civil or military functionaries in the employ of the grand dukes of Hanover and Oldenburg. As a medical student he was by no means wealthy nor was he a rich man when he settled down to practice in Munich as a specialist in nervous disorders.

His fortunes took a turn for the better, however, when his tall, handsome figure caught the eye of Gabrielle Siegle, daughter of Gustav Siegle, a well-known industrialist and member of the Reichstag.

The baron and the heiress were married in 1892. They lived in a luxurious home in the center of Munich, collected fine art, entertained splendidly, and spent part of each year in France and in Italy. The baron served for a time as a member of the Board of the I. G. Farben Corporation, the leading German chemical concern. It was said that, although he won his fortune by marriage, he had earned it a second time by preventing its loss during the inflation following World War I.

I mention this background to make it clear that Schrenck-Notzing was hardly an inexperienced and gullible "occultist," ignorant of the ways of the world. He was nicknamed in Munich *Gespensterbaron*, or "*Ghost Baron*," but he actually leaned toward the psychological hypothesis, attributing psychic phenomena to the workings of the subconscious mind. In rare cases he did not entirely exclude the spiritualistic theory.

His interest in psychic research was not merely the playful hobby of a rich man. He put a great deal of money into it, with a personally-equipped scientific laboratory, salaries for the staff and the mediums used in the experiments, costs of printing his own books and translating others, as well as supporting psychic periodicals. (The *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie* was financed by him from 1926 to 1934.) In addition to the money he spent, he devoted 40 years of his life to serious study in parapsychology, in spite of endless attacks and continuous scientific hostility.

Pioneer in Hypnotism

SCHRENCK-NOTZING actually became interested in parapsychology through pioneer work in hypnotism and the therapy of suggestion. As a medical student he went to Paris and Nancy, where, with Sigmund Freud, he studied the treatment of nervous diseases and insanity by Bernhem, Liébeault and Liégeois. He demonstrated the therapy of suggestion in a Munich hospital, and in 1888 received his doctorate in medicine with a paper on this work, which included a survey of the existing literature on hypnotism.

In 1889, while in Paris attending international congresses on psychophysiology and experimental and therapeutic hypnotism, he met Professor Charles Richet. This French physiologist and professor at the Medical School of the University of Paris, who later won a Nobel Prize, was also a dedicated psychic researcher.

Schrenck-Notzing's acquaintance with Richet stimulated his pursuit of psychic studies. In 1891, he published a German translation of Richet's report of experiments with clairvoyance and thought-transference. Through the years, the two

men frequently joined forces in experiments with various mediums, and even World War I did not destroy their friendship. Indeed, as soon as the war had ended, Schrenck-Notzing received from Richet—an ardent French patriot—a letter assuring him of his unwavering cooperation.

In the beginning of his research, Schrenck-Notzing, like Richet, conducted experiments in thought-transference. But more and more his interest began to center around physical mediumistic phenomena: levitation, the movement of objects by psychic forces (which has since been termed "telekinesis") and materializations.

In 1894, Schrenck-Notzing attended sittings with the physical medium Eusapia Palladino at Richet's home on the Isle Roubaud and in Rome. The sittings were attended by such British researchers as Sir Oliver Lodge, F. W. H. Myers, and Henry Sidgwick; and the Polish investigator J. Ochorowicz. In 1898 and in 1903, Schrenck-Notzing conducted experiments with Palladino in his own laboratory.

Eusapia Palladino was one of the best-known mediums specializing in physical phenomena of the time. She came from Naples, of peasant birth, and went about her business of mediumship with vigor, not being burdened by any theories on the subject. At times she was caught in obvious trickery; however, other phenomena convinced notable men who sat with her. Table levitations in darkened rooms and in full daylight, movement of objects, playing of an untouched guitar and the billowing of curtains when attracted by her hands, were typical of her manifestations.

During this period, Schrenck-Notzing studied every physical medium that he could locate in Europe. Several years later, after careful studies, he began to publish his findings in this field. These took the form of monographs, or articles in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*, and included reports on his work with such mediums as Francesco Carancini, Augustus Politi, Lucia Sori, Linda Gazerra, StanislawaTomczyk and Einer Nielsen.

The Eva C. Experiments

IT was an event of great importance in Schrenck-Notzing's life as well as of importance to parapsychology, when on a trip to Paris in 1909 he met Marthe Béraud.

Marthe—later to become one of Europe's most famous physical mediums under the pseudonym of Eva C., or Eva Carrière—was the protege of Mme. Juliette Bisson. Prof. Richet arranged the introduction in Mme. Bisson's home, where Marthe lived and demonstrated her talents as a medium. Mme. Bisson, daughter of a phy-

sician, and her husband, Alexandre, an official of the Ministry of Public Education and a playwright, were both interested in psychical research.

Richet had met Marthe in Algeria in 1903. Her father was a French Army officer. She was engaged to marry the son of a General Noel. However, when the young man died, she had gone to live with the General's family. It was during this period that her qualities as a medium were discovered. Later, when Marthe had become known throughout Europe as Eva Carrière, a good deal of controversy developed as to whether certain phenomena produced in the Algerian sittings were genuine, and the case excited debate in research circles for many years

The scientific investigations of Eva Carrière (to use the name by which she was best known) may be said to have begun at the Paris home of Mme. Bisson and in the Munich laboratory of Schrenck-Notzing. After several years of intense investigation, in 1914 both published books about her: Bisson's book was *Les phenomenes dits de materialisation* (The So-Called Phenomena of Materialization) and Schrenck-Notzing's *Materialisations-phänomene* (issued in an expanded English edition in 1920 as *Phenomena of Materialization*).

Briefly, Eva's phenomena consisted of the materialization of amorphous masses sometimes described as resembling dough that seemed to issue from the medium's mouth, head or shoulders while she was in trance. At times they shaped themselves into faces or even flat, phantom-like figures. On one occasion, one of these was said to resemble Alexandre Bisson, who had died a few years after the experiments started.

Precautions Against Fraud

BOTH Schrenck and Mme. Bisson adopted extreme precautions against conscious or unconscious fraud in conducting the Carrière experiments. In a typical session, Eva sat in a cabinet shielded from the seance room by heavy black curtains. She stretched her arms through these curtains, and they were held firmly by two persons—Schrenck-Notzing, Mme. Bisson, Richet or others.

Eva was searched before the sittings began, and frequently gynecologically examined both in an effort to trace the source of the matter—called teleplasm or ectoplasm—which issued from her body, and to meet the criticism that she concealed some foreign substance within her body.

In addition, she was sometimes required to eat blueberry jam before a sitting, which would have colored any foreign substance, had it been hidden in the stomach or throat.

She was also required to take a strong emetic following the sessions, but nothing suspicious was observed. Skeptics charged that Eva had the services of Mme. Bisson as a confederate, and painstaking searches were undertaken to allay these suspicions as well, but, although no indication of fraud could ever be produced, criticism continued.

During the course of the Bisson-Schrenck-Notzing investigations, it was discovered that Eva's materializations could be photographed, if care were taken not to disturb the medium by a sudden flash of the camera bulb during early stages of the seance. According to many experimenters, light destroys such phenomena if the teleplasm has not been permitted to "condense."

By using ordinary and stereoscopic cameras, some two hundred and twenty-five photographs were obtained of the materializations of Eva Carrière.

A storm of public indignation, however, followed the publication of the findings by Mme. Bisson and Schrenck-Notzing regarding their investigations. Outraged readers argued that it was "simply disgusting to think the dead look like that!" Of course, neither Schrenck-Notzing nor Mme. Bisson had ever suggested any such thing. Indeed, Schrenck-Notzing's opinion was that ectoplasm taking the form of faces or phantom-like figures was produced by an "ideoplastic" process in the medium's subconscious mind, which reproduced memories, or dream fantasies, or even photographs seen in magazines or newspapers. Spiritualists themselves theorize that such formations are produced from the medium's ectoplastic substance by discarnate entities—but not that the entities look like their ectoplastic productions.

Von Schrenck-Notzing dealt with these attacks in a second book, *Der Kampf um die Materialisations Phänomene* (The Battle over the Phenomena of Materialization). The attacks themselves simply hardened his determination to prove the reality of the materialization phenomena. He believed that if under fraud-proof conditions he could reproduce repeated materializations, at the will of the experimenter rather than of the medium, he would be able to convince fair-minded and reputable scientists.

He pursued this aim until the end of his life. With Richet, he believed that the time had not yet come to explain the metaphysical origin of the phenomena—he was exclusively concerned with establishing their reality. He refused even to have the mediums with whom he worked psychoanalyzed—he felt that they might thereby lose their powers, believing these lay in dissociation in the subconscious.

Although it must have been tiresome, he wanted repetition of

he same phenomenon again and again. Some of his collaborators blamed him, indeed, for this single-minded determination, declaring that it prevented the development of more complicated phenomena. As a matter of fact, the famous Schneider brothers, Willy and Rudi, the last mediums with whom he worked, produced a far greater variety of phenomena in their home circle than in their experiments with Schrenck-Notzing. And one of their "controls," "Olga," declared herself "sick of Schrenck-Notzing's circus," where she had to produce "the same stupid phenomena over and over again!" Since "Olga" was said by some theorists to be the spirit of the famous dancer Lola Montez, who cost King Ludwig I the Bavarian throne, even the baron might have forgiven her her temperament.

My Work With Schrenck-Notzing

IT was in 1927 that I first met von Schrenck-Notzing. I was interested in psychic research because of some personal experiences of my own, and I consulted Professor Hans Driesch, whom I knew to be sympathetic toward this new science. I asked him whether it would be possible for me to study psychic phenomena and earn my living at the same time. He recommended me to Schrenck-Notzing, who needed a literary secretary—a linguist who could help him with foreign correspondence, review foreign books for him, and help him in similar ways.

I was delighted to accept such a position. At that time, his principal medium was Rudi Schneider. Schrenck-Notzing told me it would be one of my duties to "look after" Rudi. As a young man of twenty he was sensitive on this subject and of all things did not desire what he called "a nurse." I understood this well enough and treated him with the respect due an adult, and we became good friends.

Rudi was being trained as an auto mechanic in a Munich plant. His elder brother, Willy, then working as a dentist near Munich, had preceded Rudi in mediumistic experiments with Schrenck-Notzing but of late his powers had been waning, and he came only occasionally for sittings.

The Schneider brothers came from Braunau in Austria, where their father was a printer. Sometime around 1918 they had started a "home-circle"—that is, they held seances among members of their family—mostly as an amusement. Strange things happened at these home seances—objects flew about, small hands materialized, even phantoms appeared.

A former officer in the Austrian Navy then living in Braunau, a Captain Kogelnik, heard of the phenomena. He had read von Schrenck-Notzing's *Materialisations-*

phänomene, and he wrote the baron about the Schneiders.

Schrenck-Notzing engaged first Willy and then Rudi to work as mediums. Investigations with the brothers produced mostly phenomena of telekinesis—the displacement of objects without physical contact. Objects used for the experiments were coated with luminous paint so they could be seen easily—a bell, an india-rubber doll, a wastepaper basket, a zither, and the like. Sometimes the seance cabinet curtains would billow out like a sail in a storm. Small materializations would appear: amorphous masses, or a three-fingered hand which could be touched and which made knots in a handkerchief or in the ends of the cabinet curtains.

As always, rigid precautions were practiced with the Schneiders. They were searched before sittings; they were required to wear special pajama-like seance clothing which was tightly seamed and carefully examined before each experiment.

The arms of the medium were held, as in the case of Eva Carrière, by investigators who sat one on each side of the seance cabinet. Often the medium's legs as well would be held firmly by a sitter, who placed them between his own. For some experiments, the medium would sit in a cage with his hands and head, which were held, protruding from an opening.

Further fraud-proof precautions used with the Schneiders included electrical devices attached to the medium's hands and feet and to the hands and feet of the investigator acting as controller, or guard. These ingenious devices, invented by Schrenck-Notzing's collaborator, Karl Krall, consisted of mittens of metal wire worn by medium and the guard (those of the medium were sewn to his seance garment). The mittens were attached by electric circuit to electric lamps, which went out immediately if contact between medium and investigator was broken.

In the seance cabinet itself there was a double floor, also electrically wired, so that if anyone attempted to enter the cabinet another lamp would have flashed on to reveal the confederate. In the weeks shortly before his death, Schrenck-Notzing was working on plans for an infrared precautionary system which he had asked a well-known electrophysicist at the University of Munich to develop for him.

I assisted at twenty-two sittings with Rudi Schneider in Schrenck-Notzing's laboratory. Twelve of these produced positive results—that is, resulted in phenomena such as those already described. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that I witnessed genuine phenomena of telekinesis and materialization with the Schneiders (most frequently with Rudi), taking place in

Schrenck-Notzing's laboratory and at their home.

In the laboratory experiments, Rudi's father, who had been accused repeatedly of being his confederate, was not present, nor was any member of his family. At their home in Braunau, where I also attended sittings, both their father and their mother were present, but, although phenomena occurred, never once did I observe any suspicious actions on their part.

Later, Rudi Schneider was investigated by Harry Price and the Society for Psychical Research in London; and by Dr. Eugene Osty in Paris. A report on the Osty experiments was published in 1932 (*Les pouvoirs inconnus de l'esprit sur la matière*). The experiments were also discussed in 1933 by Osty in his Myers Memorial Lecture, "Supernormal Aspects of Energy and Matter."

Legacy of Conflict

LESS than a year after I had come to work for Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, he died suddenly, following an operation for appendicitis. It was the suddenness of his death, I believe, which answers at least in part, the question which many have asked—why did Schrenck-Notzing not leave a bequest for the continuation of his laboratory experiments on physical phenomena? He made no provision for a continuation of his work simply because he had not made any provisions for his own sudden death.

There may have been other reasons as well. Two of the men whom he regarded as his logical successors died before he did: Dr. Karl Gruber, professor of zoology, in 1926; and Karl Krall, who died a few months before Schrenck-Notzing.

Then, too, the controversies that swirled about his work in his last years may have embittered him. People whom he had regarded as his friends criticized him severely for his dedication to his experiments. Constant charges of fraud were leveled at him, frequently by those who had no idea of the patience and the dogged work that his investigations entailed.

It is always a difficult task to educate mediums so that they will—or can—work under fraud-proof conditions. Generally, a time of preparation is needed, in which they can accustom themselves to the stringent requirements of scientific control. During this stage, the investigator never knows exactly what is genuine and what is fraudulent—and in many cases, phenomena are "mixed," as undoubtedly was the case, for instance, with Eusapia Palladino. Later, even though the investigator may observe elements of fraud, he continues to work, for genuine phenomena may also appear.

A typical case of this nature, and one that brought much condem-

nation of Schrenck-Notzing was that of a man named Kraus, who used the pseudonym "Weber." Kraus left Schrenck-Notzing's investigations to go to Vienna, where psychic researchers exposed him as a fraud. Thereupon Kraus wrote his "confessions," pretending that Schrenck-Notzing and his collaborators had never doubted him. Yet I myself read letters from Gruber and others in which they discussed sittings with Kraus, declaring that some had been fraudulent from beginning to end, while others had produced seemingly genuine phenomena. Thus Schrenck-Notzing was reproached for credulity, even though those who worked closely with him knew this to be untrue.

When Baron von Schrenck-Notzing died, his widow asked that I compile three books of his, which she published. They were a collection of his principal articles, *Gesammelte Aufsätze zur Parapsychologie*, 1929; a book on Rudi Schneider, *Die Phänomene des Medium, Rudi Schneider*, 1932, which contained reports of sittings, correspondence, and some previous articles; and a historical booklet dealing with the development of parapsychology in Germany.

Some time before his death, Schrenck-Notzing said to me: "Whether this or that medium has been cheating or not doesn't matter; whether this was exposed by me or by someone else is of no great importance. What matters is that I have proved the existence of unknown forces in man which are of the greatest importance to biology, physiology and psychology."

If that were acknowledged, and if scientists would continue to investigate the phenomena which he believed had reality, he would be content. I think he achieved that goal, in spite of everything.

His beautiful home in Munich had to be sold to the Nazis, his laboratory installations were destroyed during World War II, as were nearly all his books. Yet von Schrenck-Notzing's work has survived and his indefatigable search for truth must be acknowledged I think that is all he wanted.

Awakened at night by a woman's voice, a Utah housewife did not suspect that it might be a call from fifteen miles away!

CALL IN THE NIGHT

Velma Dorrity Cloward

IN THE winter of 1924, my husband and I and our three children were living on a ranch in Greenwood, Utah. On Christmas Day, we planned to visit my mother, who was ill and in the hospital at Fillmore, a small town fifteen miles away. But it was almost noon on that icy Christmas morning before I had milked the cows, cleaned the separator, and had the children dressed for their holiday visit. Finally, when we were ready to leave, we discovered that our Hereford bull was caught in a barbed-wire fence. My husband would have to attend to the animal—and I would have to drive the children to Fillmore in our horse-drawn sleigh over the snow-covered roads.

My husband suggested that he should remove our temperamental horse, Old Cal, from the harness, and put Blacky, a tamer creature, in his place.

"I hate to have you drive Old Cal," he said. "He'd kick your head off if anything went wrong and you got near his heels."

I protested that I was not afraid of Old Cal. After all, I had been around horses all my life, and had even broken them to saddle and harness. I knew that Cal was a beautiful creature with a treacherous kick. We had all learned to pass his stall on the run, for even in the

stable he would pound the back of his stall with sharp, hard kicks. Nevertheless, I loved spirited animals and I respected this horse for his surefootedness on ice-slick roads.

Promising my husband that I would be careful, I seated the children in the sleigh and drove toward Fillmore. The day was heavily overcast and cold, but the drive was uneventful. I was pleased and surprised to find my mother so much better when we arrived at the hospital. Although she was suffering from an incurable illness, she sat up in bed to enjoy our company and the gifts we had brought her.

I had tried to keep my mother from learning that our excitable Cal was hitched to our sleigh. But my son blurted it out. "I think we had better go, Mommy," he said. "Daddy will be worried because you're driving Old Cal." After that, I had a difficult time convincing her I could handle the horse on the trip home.

"Supposing the doubletrees come loose?" she asked.

"They would just have to stay loose," I answered. "I promise you, no matter what happens, I won't get near Old Cal's heels."

"I'll worry all night," she said, "until I'm sure you're home safe." We kissed her good-bye, and I promised to visit her with my husband the following day. It was now almost dark as we started for home, and it had begun to snow again.

Awakened from Sleep

IT WAS dark when we arrived home, and my husband had finished the chores. A neighbor from an adjoining ranch was there. He said that several of the men were going to play poker at Joe's—a bachelor who owned a ranch a quarter of a mile up the valley. The ranch men often spent an evening there.

I was very tired by now and wanted to go to bed early, so I told my husband to join the men at the card game. I was so relieved by my mother's improved condition that I was sure that I could sleep without worry. Although we knew that she could never recover, we had prayed that she would be comfortable and that the terrible pain would be eased. Today she had seemed like her old, happy self—at least until she had learned about my driving Old Cal.

I went to bed. From a deep sleep, I was awakened by the sound of the wind. Then I heard a horse's hoofs loping up and stopping outside the ranch-house door. Someone called to me, "Velma, oh Velma!"

My eldest son shouted from his room, "There's Daddy!"

The call came again.

I thought I knew what had happened. Joe, who was a fine

cook, often sent me a dish he had prepared. As I rose to answer the door, I was irritated that my husband had disturbed me to show me the food. I was almost at the door when I heard a third call. This time the voice was high and impatient, calling my name three times.

"Well, for gosh sakes, hold your horses," I said as I struck a match, lighting my lamp. I opened the door and looked outside. There was no one there. I saw nothing but the whirling snow.

"That's nice!" I said to my son, who was standing beside me. I looked at the clock. It was just 1:05 A.M. "Getting a person out of bed at this hour," I grumbled.

A Woman's Voice

I LEFT the light on and put some coal on the fire. But when I went back to bed, I could not sleep. I was waiting for my husband to come in from the barn, where I believed he had gone to bed down the horse for the night. Fifteen minutes passed, and my husband did not appear. Instead, my son came into my room to tell me that the call outside "didn't really sound like Daddy."

"It sounded like a woman. It was so high, like," he commented.

"He was just impatient," I replied.

I rose from bed again and sat with my son by the fire. We talked as we waited for my husband's return. But as another quarter-hour passed, I began to worry. My son expressed my own fear when he said, "I'm afraid Old Cal might have kicked him."

We dressed and went to the barn. An awful sense of foreboding had come over me. I was actually surprised to discover everything in order in the barn, and to see that Old Cal was eating contentedly. But my husband's horse was not there.

"He must have gone back to Joe's," I assured my son, but I could not explain why he would do so.

When we returned to the house, we discovered that my husband had come home. Although I was relieved to see him safe, I was angry at his inconsiderate calling and disappearance.

"Where did you go?" I demanded.

"What do you mean?" he replied. "You know I went over to Joe's place. What are you doing up at this time of night? Is something wrong?"

We told him about the calls we had heard and the sound of the horse's hoofs. He was as much confused as I. Adding to our confusion was my son's insistence that the calls we heard were a woman's.

We were still discussing this when we saw the headlights of a car coming down our driveway—

one very bright and one very dim light. This was the distinguishing mark of my brother's car.

"It's Bill," I said. I suddenly added, "Mother is dead."

I knew it just as if I had been there at her bedside. And I realized that my mother had been worrying about me and our dangerous horse when she died. Even before my brother told me, I knew that she had called me from her deathbed.

She had whispered my name only once, he said, but across the miles I had heard it six times, following the sound of horse's hoofs, at one in the morning. I could no longer doubt this when Bill told us that Mother had died suddenly, at 1:02 A.M.

Editor's note: *Mrs. Cloward has supplied* TOMORROW *with supporting testimonial affidavits from her husband, Rea Cloward, and son, R. L. Cloward, who, as related, were participants in the event she has described.*

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A pirate's buried treasure, a birth at sea and a tall woman in white play parts in the story of an old New England house

THE HOUSE THAT HAUNTS A GHOST

Louis M. A. Roy
as told to
Pauline Saltzman

I LIVE near Henniker, New Hampshire, in a house that has come to be known as the Ocean-Born Mary House. It was left to me by my mother when she died in 1949. I am convinced that my house is guarded by the spirit of "Ocean-Born Mary" Wallace, the original owner, who died in 1814.

This is the legend of the house as it has been told to us.

In 1720, a party of Scotch-Irish emigrants left Londonderry, Ireland, for its namesake town in New Hampshire, where most of the group had relatives and friends waiting for them.

The *Wolf*, a little sailing-vessel, had nearly completed its voyage and was approaching Boston Harbor when it was overtaken by a frigate flying the pirate skull-and-crossbones. The unarmed *Wolf* found escape impossible. Every soul on board fell to his knees and prayed for deliverance.

An evil-looking company from the interloper was soon clambering aboard the helpless *Wolf*. Captain Pedro, as his crew called the pirate chief, was a dour, taciturn man. But when he finally spoke, it was in unexpectedly cultured, well-modulated English—and to tell the passengers and crew of the *Wolf* to prepare for death.

At that moment a sudden whimpering, like that of a helpless kitten, made him turn sharply around and then hurry down the companionway. When he reappeared on deck, legend says, Pedro's cruel

face was lighted by a grin. In minutes everyone knew their lives had been saved by Mrs. James Wilson, the young wife of the captain, who had just given birth to a baby.

She and the pirate chief had struck a strange bargain: if she would consent to name her newborn baby daughter Mary, after Captain Pedro's mother, everyone on board the *Wolf* would be spared. Mrs. Wilson had been only too glad to agree.

The pirates left as suddenly as they had come, and the passengers and crew of the *Wolf* were left to rejoice. But not for long. In no time at all, Captain Pedro was back, this time alone. The terrified people thought he had changed his mind, but he had returned to bring a christening gift—a bolt of exquisite greenish-blue brocaded silk, which he said he hoped would someday be made into Mary's wedding-gown.

The Wilsons were soon established in Londonderry, where Mary grew into an unusually lovely —and unusually tall—young woman. In 1742, at the age of twenty-two, she was married to Thomas Wallace. Her wedding-dress, fashioned of greenish blue brocaded silk, was the perfect foil for her flaming red hair and milk-sheened skin.

Ocean-Born Mary, as Mrs. Wallace had been called since her unorthodox christening, had four strapping sons, all of whom were even taller than their six-foot mother. (William, for instance, was six feet eight.)

A Pirate Retires

MEANWHILE Captain Pedro, apparently mellowed with the years, decided to spend his old age free from violence. Accompanied by his ship's carpenters, black slaves, and a giant seaman who followed him about like a shadow, Captain Pedro came in 1760 to a lonely spot near Henniker, where he built a stately Georgian house. He had kept close tab on Mary. Now he sent a message, inviting her and her boys to share his home, overlooking the Contoocook River and Mount Lovel.

The widowed Mary came here with her sons to care for the old ex-pirate. She became dearer to him than a daughter, and he showered her with presents, including a dashing coach with four horses.

About ten years after Mary and her boys came to live in the house, Captain Pedro returned one night from a trip to the seacoast. Quickly and quietly, he and his hulking shadow buried a heavy chest outside the house. The gigantic seaman was never seen again. The legend says Mary heard anguished groaning during the night.

Mary returned from a drive one day sometime later to find the house

deserted and the slaves cowering miserably in an out-shed. The body of Captain Pedro lay in the orchard, a sailor's cutlass thrust between his shoulder blades. In accordance with a wish he had earlier expressed, Mary had him buried beneath the ponderous hearthstone fronting the kitchen fireplace.

After her sons went their own ways, Ocean-Born Mary lived on in her beloved house until her death at 94. She was buried in the Quaker cemetery, Henniker, in 1814.

The house remained in the possession of the Wallace family until my mother bought it in 1916. It had then been vacant for six years. In 1918, we came overland from Wisconsin in a car I had built myself. We knew that the former owner of the sadly dilapidated Ocean-Born Mary House did not care to live in it. From neighbors we learned that the roof had been leaking for over 20 years.

The Demanding Ghost

MY mother and I learned a great many other things about our new home. A number of owners had tried to take possession, but no one seemed able to live here. And of one thing everyone seemed certain: that someone, or something, was guarding the house. It became evident that only those who loved the place and took proper care of it could live here in peace. Too, we learned that if the house was in danger, a mysterious influence invariably alerted a passer-by—anyone—who somehow saved it. Here is one instance:

About a week before we moved in, a gang of some twelve boys broke into the house. With vandalism in their hearts, they smashed the small glass panes in the windows, shot holes in the priceless mouldings, and even knocked a chimney-arch into the cellar.

A Henniker resident who happened to be driving past felt something was wrong. Obeying a strong compulsion, he made straight for the house. A trail of smoke was spiraling up from the chimney. The man from Henniker opened the front door. Hearing noises, he followed them upstairs where he encountered the gang in the loom room. A mattress had already been set on fire. The boys were starting to burn the rest of the house, too, but the man quickly put out the fire *and* the little monsters. Then he fastened the door as well as he could.

The boys were afraid to return. But six months after my mother and I arrived, one of them told us that they had fully intended to come back later and finish the job. It just *happened* that we arrived and the house was saved—because something had impelled the man from Henniker to stop and investigate!

We were here just a short time when one day my mother decided to build a fire in the kitchen stove. She told me that if I'd clean out the cupboards she would burn the accumulated rubbish. I cleared the cupboards, and my mother soon had a good fire going in the stove. Then I cleaned one of the built-in dressers of the combination dining room-kitchen, and scooped out a paper bag from a corner.

"What's in the bag?" my mother asked. I told her I hadn't looked. She agreed that I might just as well throw it into the fire.

But I was constrained—I know not by what—to check the contents. It turned out to be a few pounds of blasting powder!

Protective Custody

WE had lived at the Ocean-Born Mary House for about a year when, one day, I checked my home-made car and saw that part of the rim holding one of the tires was coming off. I decided to drive it back with a hammer. The air pressure in the tire was about fifty pounds. I hit the rim.

Next thing I knew, I was lying on the ground about fifteen feet from the car. The hammer was missing, and blood was streaming from my right temple. I rushed into the house and frightened my poor mother nearly to death. It was a close call, but I recovered. Several weeks later, I read a newspaper report about a truck driver, who, attempting to pound a tire rim back with a hammer, was killed instantly—an accident paralleling my own in every detail but the last one!

Altogether, I have suffered seventeen near-fatal accidents during my life at the Ocean-Born Mary House. From reading the newspapers, I know that other persons enduring identical mishaps did not fare so well. It seems to me that Ocean-Born Mary is protecting me—as I feel I am protecting her house.

I guess I'll never forget the day preceding the hurricane that hit New England in 1938. It was raining unusually hard, so, before attempting to drive my car through the storm, I walked down the hill to see how things looked. When I'd gotten about halfway down, I found that the entire road had been washed away—as if a giant bulldozer had removed it.

As I fought my way back up the hill, bucking wind that was gaining momentum every second, I could see through the driven rain that trees around the house were starting to blow over.

I neared home and saw that the small garage I had built was swaying precariously. I was afraid the car would be crushed unless I could manage to prop up the building.

I had to work fast. I propped up the garage from the outside as well as I could and turned toward the house. I was drenched. When I was about fifty feet from the side entrance, my hat blew off. But I kept on until I saw that my mother had the side door open. The instant I reached the hall, she asked, "Who was with you when you were working on the garage?"

She thought it was one of the neighbors. I had seen no one. And certainly no one had been with me. That's what I told my mother, but she was obdurate. While I was busy with the garage, she insisted, a lady in white accompanied me. Then, as my hat blew off, my mother had followed it with her eyes. When she looked back, the woman had vanished.

New England Hospitality

ONE summer afternoon, while mother was alone in the house, she answered a knock at the front door. A woman she did not know explained that she had come over "to see the rest of the house."

When they were seated in the Eagle Room, my mother asked her visitor what she meant by seeing "the rest" of the house.

The woman said that years before she had lived in Henniker. Before moving to her new home in Massachusetts, she decided she would see the house everyone talked about.

"I knocked on the front door," she told my mother, "and a woman opened it. She let me in and showed me this room, but she seemed unwilling to show me the rest of the house. And that's what I've come to see now."

My mother asked if her visitor could recall the date of her first call at the Ocean-Born Mary House. She had no trouble remembering. Strangely, no one had been living in the house then; in fact, it had been vacant for some time.

What did the woman look like? my mother demanded—only to be told that she had been extraordinarily tall—something like six feet.

The Phantom Coach

PASSERS-BY insist they have seen mysterious lights in the multipaned windows of the Ocean-Born Mary House when it was uninhabited. Many persons claim to have seen the coach-and-four clattering across the yard where the old Post Road used to be. The coach is said to pull up to the oaken entrance. A very tall woman in filmy white steps out and walks gingerly to the side of the house, throws a packet into the old well, then hurries back to the waiting coach—whereupon all vanish. This phenomenon, they say, occurs late in October, around Halloween, at midnight or thereabouts. According to legend, a man saw this phantom

re-enactment about 75 years ago. So much for the old legend. Here is a later tale.

Some years ago, a young woman from Concord came here with some friends. She commented on the phantom coach, and I asked her what she knew about it. This is what she told me:

Her brother, whose name was Foster, came out here a few years before in the latter part of October. With him was Scott Rogers, a Concord police officer. The party, which included two other young men, parked at the side of the road. They saw the ghostly coach-and-four promptly at midnight. The young woman told me that her brother came home incoherent with fright. She promised to bring him to see me, but she said it would have to be in broad daylight.

A year passed, and they never appeared. But the following summer an elderly woman visited with some people from Concord. I asked her what she knew about the story, and she told me that her son, a fellow named Foster, once came here with Scott Rogers, and that both saw the apparition. Her son could never be persuaded to return, not even in broad daylight!

About a year ago, I learned from another visitor that she had come up to the house one night in late October and parked her car at the side of the road. She said she positively heard the rumble of approaching coach wheels, but saw nothing.

The Ocean-Born Mary House is an outstanding example of Georgian architecture. It has attracted thousands of tourists, among them distinguished architects, historians, and authorities on psychic phenomena.

The place reflects a seafarer's influence. Its fine stairs boast high hand-railings and the floors of the back rooms slope. The house is exquisitely paneled. One of its most striking features is the ornately carved stairway on which Mary's figure has been seen, and on which mysterious footsteps are occasionally heard.

Treasure Seekers

IN the antique kitchen there is a ponderous hearthstone with a hole drilled in the center. Many reputedly "psychic" visitors say they receive the impression that there is something beneath this slab. As I have said earlier, this "something" is supposedly the body of Captain Pedro. Some sources claim he was a titled British gentleman who did not want his relatives and friends to know he had turned pirate.

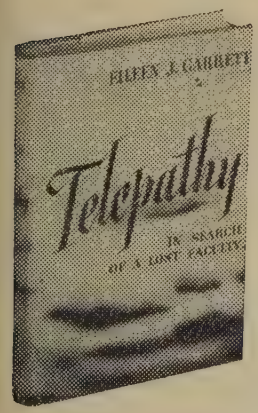
As for the treasure that is supposed to be buried on the premises, nearly every visitor has this firmly in mind: spiritualistic mediums, water diviners, and persons who come equipped with electronic devices. One medium said she elicited

from Mary's spirit the information that the treasure is buried "beneath an old tree." But she did not say which one. The well at the side of the house has been examined, but there appears to be nothing there.

The place has received more than its share of publicity. It has been described by historians and folklorists, including the author Carl Carmer. Currently there's a move afoot to put its story into motion-picture form, with the house itself as background.

Antique fanciers believe that the Ocean-Born Mary House abounds with treasure other than Captain Pedro's—the treasure of fine antiques and the indefinable aura of early Americana that graces every corner of the old house.

If you ask me, the grandest treasure here is a small piece of greenish blue brocaded silk. And there is my own personal treasure—my feeling that, beyond a doubt, I live in the house that haunts a ghost who cannot forget it. And I believe she continues to shield me from harm because she knows I care about the house just as much as she did.



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TELEPATHY

IN SEARCH OF
A LOST FACULTY

by

Eileen J. Garrett

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"Life" Goes A-Haunting

Life Magazine devoted ten colorful pages to a picture and text article entitled "Ghostly American Legends" in its issue of October 28, 1957. Photographer Nina Leen was assigned to visit nine places in the United States where ghosts reportedly walk. Her imaginative and, on occasion, eerie photographs, accomplished by who knows what masterly tricks of the lens, showed the backgrounds and at times reproduced the phenomena of ghosts whose stories have been told for generations.

The text accompanying the photographs related the story of each haunt. The earliest of the nine began its career in 1672, and the latest was first heard from in 1870. Although none of these ghosts was born in the twentieth century, most are said to have appeared in recent years as well as repeatedly in the past.

One of the legends is that of Ocean-Born Mary, a tall, red-haired, green-eyed ghost who still visits her former home near Henniker, New Hampshire, according to the present owner, Louis Roy. (For the full story of Ocean-Born Mary, see the preceding pages, in this issue of Tomorrow.) The *Life* photographs showed the old New England house which Mary loved, and an interior view—the kitchen and the huge fireplace beneath which Mary's pirate benefactor, Don Pedro, is thought to be buried.

Since these ghosts came into being in the early days of U. S. history, they are largely Eastern ghosts. The farthest west is a Tennessee ghost, who might more properly be called a poltergeist, since reportedly she has been seen only once. She otherwise has manifested herself as a shrill laugh, or by slapping a farmer named John Bell and pulling his nose, or by causing horse-drawn wagons to stop in their tracks—one of these driven by no less a personage than General Andrew Jackson.

One of the more unusual ghosts described is that of an old railroader who was decapitated in a train accident near Maco, North Carolina, in 1867. He is said still to haunt the Atlantic Coast Line, whose engineers more than once have brought their trains to a stop on the appearance of two ghostly lanterns on the right-of-way.

The other ghosts are mostly ladies who lost their loves, or were frustrated in some other way. They range in location from an organ-playing ghost in New York State, the Octagon House in Washington, D. C., to a galloping white horse near Hendersonville, North Carolina.

The Director of Duke University's Laboratory of Parapsychology is the co-author of this up-to-date and much-needed handbook

FIRST TEXTBOOK OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY

A Book Review by Martin Ebon

PARAPSYCHOLOGY: FRONTIER SCIENCE OF THE MIND: By J. B. Rhine and J. G. Pratt. Springfield, Ill.: Charles C. Thomas. 1957. 220 pp. $4.75.

STUDENTS of parapsychology now have access to an up-to-date and authoritative handbook-textbook on parapsychology. It is *Parapsychology: Frontier Science of the Mind*, by J. B. Rhine and J. G. Pratt of the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University. The book is a survey of the field, its methods and of the results of research in extra-sensory perception and psychokinesis. The work addresses itself to "the competent mature inquirer whatever his professional field." The authors have not addressed this book to long experienced researchers, nor is it designed to satisfy all the questions extremely skeptical readers might raise.

The volume is presented in two parts: the first a survey of present knowledge in parapsychology, the second an introduction to testing techniques. The authors begin the first section by defining the field of parapsychology, clarifying terms and concepts, and stating that the distinction of parapsychical occurrences from physics involves

"some distinct point at which a complete physical interpretation is manifestly inadequate."

Next, the reader is familiarized with "objective research methods" —not testing techniques, but a general program of how research in parapsychology is done, how its questions arise, and "how, and how reliably, they are answered." The authors deal with case-study methods, individual screening, pilot studies and re-examination, as well as with methods for clinical and other practical uses. Dealing with methods of verification, they include statistical evaluation, experimental precautions, care in the recording of data and special precautions against deception.

Types of Psi

THE reader is then introduced to methods of distinguishing various types of psi, such as clairvoyance, telepathy and precognition. Evidence for psi, the case for clairvoyance, telepathy, precognition and psychokinesis are presented. A special chapter is devoted to "Psi and the Physical World." Here the authors deal with extra-sensory perception in relation to distance and time, and present other evidence of non-physicality. They offer supporting material for what they term "the nonphysical nature of psi as a simple scientific fact" and relate it to the "unity of nature."

Dealing with the psychology of psi, the authors describe psi as "a normal process" and "no more closely related to psychopathology than any other mental function." After a reference to the role of psi in animals, the book deals with its place in personality as well as with conditions affecting psi, such as motivation.

A chapter is devoted to "common research frontiers that have opened up between parapsychology and the adjacent disciplines or problem areas closely enough related to have overlapping interests." Among such adjacent fields are psychiatry, education, anthropology, biology, physiology, medicine, religion and philosophy.

Speaking of "spirit survival," the authors see "reasonably good indication that knowledge has been obtained through mediumistic utterances that would have to be considered parapsychical in its origin." They add, however, "there is no way known as yet to test the hypothesis that the source of the knowledge shown is discarnate," although "establishment of psi itself has naturally somewhat improved the status of the hypothesis of spiritual survival."

Testing Procedures

THE second part of the volume, devoted to psi testing, is a handbook in itself on how to undertake psi experiments. It deals with

the proper psychological conditions, influence of the experimenter, psychological needs of the subject and the crucial experimenter-subject relation in psi tests.

In a section on basic procedures, record sheets are reproduced, various tests are outlined and illustrated with photographs. To many students these may be the most practical aspects of the book; they are factual, brief and obviously the result of extensive first-hand experiences on the part of the authors. Similarly, the chapter on statistical methods may prove uniquely valuable to readers engaged in planning tests.

Dr. Rhine's prominent position in the field of parapsychology lends authority and importance to the work. The impact of his personality and views can easily be sensed through the pages of the book. There has been no attempt to set aside, in this volume, areas of inquiry on which there exist views differing from those of Dr. Rhine.

The authors, in discussing the relation between psychology and their own field of investigation, enter the controversy regarding the position of psychology in science. They find that "a mechanistic philosophy" is at the root of efforts "to make psychology in effect a branch of physics." They assert that "discoveries concerning psi, in showing that persons are capable of certain nonphysical functions, have provided psychology with at least one fundamental distinction between a person and an impersonal thing." Then they state that their own work "has won for psychology a scientific claim to its own distinct area of reality," adding: "Unlike all the other branches of science, it has been experimentally proved to have operations that do not yield to physical explanation." The reader may well feel that comments such as these go considerably outside the scope of a volume designed to fulfill relatively limited handbook and textbook functions.

The authors also state that existing "collections of spontaneous case material themselves constitute valuable evidence in support of the occurrence of psi," when viewed along with the experimental evidence. They do not state whether the cases referred to have been subjected to verification or are merely collections of subjectively reported experiences.

The Rhine-Pratt work thus covers not only areas on which there exist general agreement among parapsychologists, but also subject matter on which lively discussion continues. Students of parapsychology will be prompted to go on to other works listed in the extensive reading list that follows each chapter of the book. *Parapsychology: Frontier Science of the Mind* is a milestone in current scientific literature; it admirably summarizes and clarifies an area of inquiry that is much in need of wider understanding.

Eileen Garrett's new book states that "man can heal himself, if he frees his existence of doubt, hesitation and obstruction"

THE HEALING LIFE

A Book Review

LIFE IS THE HEALER. By Eileen J. Garrett. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 1957. 272 pp. $3.75.

EVERY breath we take, every step we make, every morsel of food we consume, every thought we think and every word we speak, every action we contemplate and execute—these are the elements that make us ill or well." In these words, Eileen J. Garrett, who is Editor-Publisher of TOMORROW sums up the basic theme of her new book *Life Is the Healer*.

Eileen Garrett has many thousands of devoted friends throughout the world. Among these are not only readers of this magazine, but also many who have had occasion to call upon her advice and help in facing problems of daily living. Out of these meetings and letters has grown the need to place within the confines of a printed volume those ideas on life and living that could best contribute to the prevention or healing of bodily and mental ills.

No Easy Panaceas

THE reader will not find, in *Life Is the Healer*, yet another collection of uplifting anecdotes—almost too smooth to have ever happened to people like you and me—nor yet another listing of easy panaceas. Mrs. Garrett speaks up against "facile do-it-yourself

volumes which offer 'Twelve Easy Ways to Self-Diagnosis and Self-Healing.' " She says that "there are not twelve, or twenty, or a hundred ways to well-being—there are thousands upon thousands. And none of these are easy, because life itself has become increasingly complex."

In her introduction, the author observes that doctor and patient share the task of healing. She writes: "A crusader's passion to heal—that is what makes a good physician of the body or mind. But this passion should also be within the person who wishes to be healed. He must begin with the will to be whole again." And then, Mrs. Garrett says, there should follow "as complete and as honest a self-appraisal as is possible to every one of us."

Life Is the Healer is a thoroughly modern and up-to-date book that has its roots in ancient healing knowledge and understanding. It ranges from an evaluation of latest insights in psychosomatic medicine to the religio-cultural climate of Haiti and its magical healing traditions.

Frontiers of Diagnosis

MRS. Garrett surveys various types of healing, or attempted healing, since the day Jesus said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." She deals with the problem of the individual's alienation in modern society, the need for self-awareness, and the continually shifting line between what are called "orthodox" and "unorthodox" healing.

A most illuminating historical summary, entitled "Orthodox Medicine and the Psyche," traces man's efforts to conquer mental ills from the ancient times to the emerging "synthesis between the chemical-biological approaches and the psychological approach of Freud." The reader is then introduced to "unorthodox healing" which links the temples of ancient Hellas with the Lourdes shrine and today's pastoral psychology. The author states that "the basic aim of all the great religions has been and still is, to bring wholeness of life to the whole man," adding that "not until any religion manifests concern for the whole man will the human personality give a whole response to religion."

An especially provocative chapter is entitled "New Frontiers of Diagnosis." Here Mrs. Garrett speaks of her ability, and that of other sensitives, to observe the human aura, an "etheric lung" which also "fulfills the function of protecting the body." The possibility of using observation of the human aura for purposes of supplementary diagnosis is considered by the author as an area of study which, "while not as yet generally known or mapped, is as real as anything on earth can be." She then deals with the special role of suggestion in the therapeutic

framework, and with the impact of genuine prayer on man's mental and physical well-being.

Man's Cycle of Life

THE volume's second part is devoted to man's position in society, and to his efforts to achieve wholeness and health. First, Mrs. Garrett deals with "isolated man," a product of today's mass civilization; she quotes Scripture: "But, even as man is born alone, he must come alone to find his wholeness." Secondly, she deals with "fragmentized man," another product of our time, which has created the categories of Dissolved Man, Typical Man, Statistical Man, in "a society where practically everybody exists as a part of an effort to sell something." A small book in itself is the chapter on "Food and Ideal Health," which contains a useful table of vitamins and minerals in major foods.

The closing chapters are introduced with the observation that "all life and experience come to us either in, or interwoven with, recurring cycles." Thus the individual's health actually begins before his birth or conception, in the life patterns of his parents and his parents' parents. There is true poetry in these chapters:

"The growing child and its needs may be compared to the growing flower. As the bud sheathes and juts, it yields and gives from the tender life within... One does not carelessly prune or transplant too often a growing plant or tree. To do so is a shock to its sap life, its roots of existence."

Dealing with marriage, the author observes wryly: "It is curious, is it not, that marriage, the most fundamental human relation there is, excepting the relation between parents and children, is open to anyone who can pass a blood test, is legally sane, and of statutory age?" Pre-marriage counseling, the author states, is the job of home, school and church.

Speaking of parenthood, Mrs. Garrett concludes that "parents have rights, but in a conflict with the essential welfare of the child, they must give way." She also says, "Blessed is the parent who can remember himself in adolescence," because "the wise parents are those who understand and accept the drives of their adolescent offspring." Eileen Garrett continues:

"What have all these things to do with healing? Just this: when the personality is whole, body and spiritual self, it is well. Prevention is better than cure. If we want our children to live happy, healthy lives there is no better means to that end than from the beginning to help them achieve wholeness in every facet of their beings."

Finally, in a chapter entitled "The Earthly Summit," the author touches upon evidence explored by psychic researchers that points to

survival of the human personality after the body has died. And so she speaks of death:

"If others do not know, *we* can know, and meet the transition that must come to us all with the glad welcome reserved for a special friend we have long awaited. As once we entered this world by the door of birth, so it is our privilege to advance from it through the golden door that opens to us the the eternal meadows watered by the stream of life..."

Outside Psychic Research

EILEEN Garrett's readers know much about her life and work from her autobiography *Adventures in the Supernormal*. They have read her books *Awareness* and *Telepathy: In Search of Lost Faculty*. In each of these earlier volumes she has dealt with psychical research, mediumship and related subjects. Now, for the first time, she utilizes her unique insights and experiences to speak of the meaning which her special knowledge has to all those who seek a better and healthier life.

Throughout the book vibrates the personality of its author as vivacious, knowledgeable and eternally-curious as the writer is in "real life"; characteristic touches of style and expression, well known to her associates, lend color and flavor to the volume.

Eileen Garrett's life-long search for the meaning of mediumship has provided her with tools and methods that have gained importance outside the immediate area of psychic research and parapsychology—just as psychic realities carry over into medicine, religion, psychology, physics, bio-chemistry and other scientific fields. In this sense, *Life Is the Healer* symbolizes the fact that psychical studies are no longer parochially limited, but are increasingly significant to other fields of human knowledge. *M. E.*

EXPERIMENTS IN SURVIVAL

A Book Review by Nandor Fodor

THE CASE FOR PSYCHIC SURVIVAL. By Hereward Carrington. New York: Citadel Press. 1957. 157 pp. $3.50.

THIS book is the record of a series of tests, undertaken by the author, to determine whether the personality of a medium did, indeed, differ from that of her alleged spirit "control." The medium in this instance was Eileen J. Garrett; the "control" was known as "Uvani," who claimed to have been an Arab who lived in Basra one hundred years ago.

Carrington's experiments submitted the medium to a series of psychological tests: first, while she was in her normal waking stage; second, when the "Uvani" personality was apparently in control and the medium herself in trance. If entirely different personalities could be established, the experimenter assumed, proof of human survival after death might be sharply advanced.

The Case for Psychic Survival is a popular version of material originally presented in the first *Bulletin* of the American Psychical Institute under the title "An Instrumental Test of the Independence of 'Spirit Control.' " The author's idea of revising and popularizing his original report into short, easily readable and informative chapters was a fortunate one. It is one of the most challenging pieces of research ever undertaken by Carrington. One is tempted to say that its original publication was premature, causing considerable consternation, while the present book is able to allow for much of the discussion and research done in the interval.

"Counter-Similarity"

AFTER the initial series of tests, Carrington had reached the tentative conclusion that the controlling spirit entities were in fact mentally independent of Eileen Garrett. These findings were, however, contradicted by the researcher's near-namesake, the British investigator Whateley Carington, who duplicated the American's tests with the same medium and identical methods. The British researcher concluded that Carrington's statistical methods had been faulty, that galvanometer and time reaction tests could not be relied upon, and that what he termed "counter-similarity" existed between medium and alleged control personality.

Whateley Carington originated the key term of these findings—counter-similarity—in a remarkable tour de force of verbal magic. He used it as a euphonious cover-up for secondary personalities that attained, in his opinion, unique independence but were nevertheless not independent spirit entities. In his remarkable book *Thought Transference* (New York, 1946), Whately Carington wrote:

"If nothing more important than a few million pounds or the fate of a couple of nations were involved, I should feel disposed to declare flatly that the operation of some such extraneous influence had been established, and leave it at that. But since the admission of such a conclusion, arrived at for the first time in history by the use of exact quantitative methods, would open up prospects beside which the achievements of the relativity theory would be of no more than parochial interest, I prefer to make precaution doubly cau-

tious and not to commit myself (if ever) till I have re-worked the entire calculation, with the additional refinements indicated and the additional material now being collected."

This comment is characteristic of a critic driven into a corner. It is in contrast with Hereward Carrington's straight-forward statement that "our experimental tests seem to have furnished material which is at least indicative of survival." This observation alone, coming from the living dean of American psychical researchers, should impel all interested parties to read this remarkable book. The volume is only sporadically technical and the findings raise unique questions.

Psychological Tests Differ

THE "Uvani" control showed a very high score in the Bernreuter Test for emotional instability, while the conscious Mrs. Garrett scored low. (The Bernreuter test consists of questions that measure neurotic traits, self-sufficiency, introversion versus extroversion and domination or submissive character traits.) The immediate critical problem is: was "Uvani" formed from the unstable elements of the medium's personality? "Uvani," in contrast to the medium, was proven introverted, with a fair amount of tendency to submit to others.

Other tests also indicated two diverging and opposite personalities. In Page's Behavior Analysis, (a test which associates schizoid traits with introversion, a tendency to daydream and to withdraw from reality), Mrs. Garrett gave fifteen schizoid traits, while "Uvani" showed 36—an impossible score.

Woodworth's Neurotic Inventory (a series of 116 questions inquiring into neurotic symptoms) presented another puzzle. According to it, Mrs. Garrett was highly neurotic—which contradicts the Bernreuter findings. Both Woodworth and Bernreuter claim high reliability and validity for their scales, and Carrington is sadly lost between them. But perhaps that is not Carrington's fault, but is the result of limitations in the validity of the tests themselves.

In considering the identity in the communications of third personalities —alleged entities introduced by the "control"—Carrington agrees with the views of Dr. Richard H. Hodgson and Dr. James H. Hyslop, co-founders of the American Society for Psychic Research, that these communicators are not always present "in anything like the fulness of their personality, with any degree of centralized control."

I have sometimes wondered, in my own researches, whether the alleged discarnate personalities were present at all, and whether it was not the medium who—in some manner beyond our time and space concepts—was communicat-

ing with them, rather than that they were communicating with or through the medium.

That is, the medium may reach the communicator, even though these third personalities may not be aware of their reported presence in the seance room.

Among the questions I would have liked to see answered in Carrington's book are these: is some part of the medium's brain, as yet undeveloped in all of us, responsible for psychic talent and its functional manifestation? Does the trance state make functional parts of the human brain that are dormant at other times?

An affirmative answer would make mediumship more developmental than abnormal, and would open vast horizons for future research not only in parapsychology but in physiology as well.

HEALING: Four New Books

Reviewed by Eileen J. Garrett

THE HEALING POWER OF FAITH. By Will Oursler. New York: Hawthorn Books. 1957. 366 pp. $4.95

This volume is an extremely valuable contribution to the literature of spiritual healing. It contains an important collection of theories, methods and problems related to personality. Intelligence and care marked a variety of opinions herewith expressed, and the information contained in the appendix, bibliography and index of this work does credit to the author's perspicacity. Here is a valuable record, available to American churches of all faiths who have special interest in spiritual healing.

The author is to be commended for his worthy survey of this engrossing field, and his book will be a subject of intense interest and discussion among those who need a truly comprehensive picture of the role of spiritual healing.

FROM WITCHCRAFT TO WORLD HEALTH. By S. Leff and Vera Leff. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1957. 236 pp. $4.50

Here is the story of man's quest and struggle for health, from prehistoric beginnings to the present moment. *From Witchcraft to World Health* recalls much that happened to early man to mystify him, as he

threaded through forest and jungle. It also shows how man finally reached beyond witchcraft and superstition toward a new social order, concerned with the health of people, old and young.

The story of trial and error, of man in search of health by individual or collective effort to maintain himself through the different centuries, is skillfully and convincingly told to show his unceasing struggle, his unrelenting fight against disease.

Dr. S. Leff, co-author of the work, is a British physician as well as a barrister-at-law; this dual training gives his studies particular depth. His wife, Vera Leff, has traveled widely with her husband. Together, they have studied health services in many countries. The result of their effort makes a readable and enlightening document.

HOW TO USE YOUR HEALING POWER. By Joseph Murphy, Willing Publishing Co. San Gabriel, Calif., 1957. 158 pp. $3.50.

Because the method by which one heals oneself is ultimately in the hands of the individual, the way to health appears difficult. Any healing depends on the interior mind of the individual. The discovery of a truth thus demands a "conversion" of the mind. Old methods of thought must, like icicles before the sun, change to accept the positive realities. Healing is a breaking-away from a constricting pattern of thinking, so as to transport all the positive elements into an area of new acceptance: and thus, through the development of positive attention, we bring about the change.

One does not need "superior" intuition to do this, but the desire for new and better values must be within. No amount of psychological analysis will do more than uncover states of mind. This is the purpose of analysis, but he who goes thus far must make the adjustment to more positive thinking. Finally, life can only be understood by thought, and man today, given over to greed, hatred and uncertainty, must first feel the power of generosity within himself before he can use any constructive mental change within himself.

Dr. Joseph Murphy explains all these theories of healing the self in simple and direct language in his book *How to Use Your Healing Power*. He emphasizes the personal application of the healing methods of Jesus, and out of his own experience, seeks to exemplify how omnipotence moves on our behalf.

BLACK MAGIC AND WHITE MEDICINE. By Michael Vane, London: W. & R. Chambers, 254 pp. 16 s.

Michael Vane has written a human and friendly book about

Africans. He speaks of their needs and sorrows, their strengths and weakness and, more importantly, their quest for better health. He presents a wealth of significant data reported from thirty-five years experience as a medical officer with a fine flare for adventure.

Mr. Vane is much more than a surgeon, doctor and traveler, for he brings understanding to the people he writes about and reveals that he cared for their welfare. These experiences stretch across South Africa, to the Belgian Congo, Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. One is fascinated, diverted and instructed by the methods of the various witch doctors, many of them as respectable in their own social environment as their less colorful counterparts in the West.

The author appears to have made the most of his opportunities to study and observe the climate and atmosphere of social life in the different communities with whom he lived, and if the reader looks for an intimate and significant picture of the African at home, it is here.

MEDICAL SHORTCUTS?

Reviewed by Archibald Jarman

HEALING THE MIND. By R. Connell and Geraldine Cummins. London: The Aquarian Press. 1957. 190 pp. 12s 6d.

THE POWER OF FAITH HEALING: PSYCHIC AND DIVINE. By Shaw Desmond. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1957. 224 pp. $3.50.

RACIAL Memory myth and its Application-in-the-Sickroom have been mobilized in *Healing the Mind* by Geraldine Cummins, the British automatist, and "R. Connell," a physician writing under pseudonym. The book describes a technique used by Miss Cummins in probing neurosis, which might well be labeled "The Poor Man's Psychoanalysis."

In brief, by psychometry the medium allegedly uncovers some traumatic shock or tragedy affecting an ancestor, perhaps some centuries back. The psychological hurt, handed down through "racial memory," some hundreds of years later is triggered by some petty parallel incident of childhood, and the living descendant suffers neu-

rosis. Its origin explained to the patient, the neurosis is believed to disappear, and the long, tedious, expensive and orthodox analysis is thus made superfluous.

Most of *Healing the Mind* consists of twenty case-histories. One case relates a writing inhibition of a company-chairman who finds himself unable to sign checks. He resigns and takes to alcohol. The sensitive traces this neurosis to his forebears who suffered under the Spanish Inquisition in 1490. The family, proud and aristocratic, was betrayed to the Grand Inquisitor by one of its members, who had written an indiscreet letter. Torture, hanging and burning followed. Only a pregnant woman escaped. From her the neurotic patient is descended. His inability to sign checks is viewed as a tragic bequest from the foolish letter and the atrocities of 1490. This explanation puts him on the road to a cure.

In another case, a young man, an expert pianist, experiences a trivial injury to one hand which leads to a severe neurosis. The medium traces a story that unfolds in a previous century; and this time in Russia. The proud and noble family falls foul of the local cŏmmissar. The advances made by the sadistic Russian to the beautiful ancestress are rejected with contempt. In revenge, the brutal commissar rapes the unfortunate lady and cuts off the hands of her husband and brother. A young son witnessed this and "the experience became part of the subconscious mind which was passed on to subsequent generations." This explained to him, the pianist completely recovers.

Identical Patterns

MOST of the other cases are along the same lines. The sudden neurosis; ESP reaching back to remote ancestors; the persecution, or great wrong; the racial memory; the cure.

Miss Cummins' book would be more convincing were it not that the hypothesis of racial-memory, at least to the best of this reviewer's knowledge, has long been dismissed. Only genes in the germ cells can be transmitted to the offspring, whereas acquired characteristics are modifications of the non-reproductive cells of the organism. The co-authors also share the popular superstition that psychological experiences of the mother during pregnancy exert pre-natal influences upon the developing offspring.

How then does Miss Cummins solve the ancestor stories that tie up so neatly with the neurosis? Her personal integrity is unquestioned and the self-deception must lie in the romantic imagination that has produced her plays and novels.

We note that she is supplied with every detail of the neurosis

before seeking its root. Presumably, in trance, she unconsciously fashions the slick and highly-colored history that might produce the neurosis if race-memory were indeed a fact.

The persistent pattern of the case histories also is indicative of artifice. The patients are usually cultured, charming and clever. The ancestors are aristocratic, proud and persecuted. No patient is ill through his own baseness or folly; no ancestor is in trouble for theft or fraud. If there is, in fact, another mind behind the automatic pencil, one feels it is that of a writer of Victorian melodrama.

Journalistic Mysticism

SHAW Desmond, noted more often for his warm and wordy enthusiasm than for a cool scientific approach, writes a very readable *The Power of Faith Healing*. In this he parcels all form of non-physical healing, its history and potential.

Mr. Desmond might be described as a journalistic mystic; his belief is heartfelt but he thinks in headlines. What he says could be said better and said more briefly. Sometimes he makes silly statements, such as, "People are no longer afraid of death," and he cannot resist the colorful exaggeration when the chance offers. He speaks of the astonishing triumphs of the London healing meetings which I, too, attended. But the victories were small and there were no trumpets. Yet though Mr. Desmond soars on the wings of hyperbole, one feels he is flying in the right direction.

He sees the necessity of healing not only the body, nor the mind, nor the spirit, but the whole man. Of the mechanics of non-physical healing he wisely keeps clear but knows that if it is to be achieved at all, three medicines are essential. Their names are faith, hope and charity—especially charity.

PHILOSOPHICAL SUPERSTRUCTURE

NURSLINGS OF IMMORTALITY
By Raynor C. Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1957. 279 pp. $5

"The long reign of scientific materialism is drawing to a close, and philosophically minded scientists are groping around to see what outlook will replace it."

Thus Raynor Johnson, himself a philosophically minded scientist, states a trend of the day. Dr. Johnson has been Master of Queen's College at the University of Mel-

bourne since 1934. His earlier book, *The Imprisoned Splendour*, attracted wide attention; it was condensed in TOMORROW, Winter 1955.

In his oddly-titled *Nurslings of Immortality*—the name comes from Shelley, "But from these create he can/ Forms more real than living Man,/ Nurslings of Immortality"—Dr. Johnson pays tribute to the ideas of Douglas Fawcett, mainly to the concept of an "all-pervasive" Imaginism. In support of this concept, the author reviews the role of religion in our time, the nature of good, the world's creation, what he calls "the adventure of being man"; and he seeks to throw "light on evil and suffering."

In the concluding sections of this book, Dr. Johnson deals with "Time, Causation, and Freedom," and speculates on the nature of the "next life" as well as on the role of "group souls" in "cosmic life." Obviously, from his earlier studious concern with psychical research, Raynor Johnson has rather rapidly —and, perhaps, uncritically— proceeded in search of a philosophical superstructure to findings that are still open to considerable discussion as to viridicality and are capable of a wide variety of interpretations. No doubt impressive personal experiences, in the nature of trance communications, have given the author the material he was looking for. Nevertheless, such subjective data may not be equally striking and convincing to others, among them some readers of this diligently prepared and engagingly sincere book. *M. E.*

INSIDE THEOSOPHY

CANDLES IN THE SUN: The Story of a Spiritual Ferment. By Lady Emily Lutyens. Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1957. 196 pp. $3.95

For two decades, beginning in 1910, the author of this volume was a leading figure in the Theosophical Society. She was close to the Society's spiritual pathfinder, Krishnamurti, since his arrival in England at the age of fifteen. Lady Emily Lutyens provides insight into the fascinating, and at times eccentric, personalities who made the Theosophist movement a rallying point during the first half of the century.

Lady Emily, whom the author of this review knows and respects for her curiosity and sincerity, re-

lates the hopes and eventual disappointments that she shared with others. She presents a portrait of Krushnamurti, and deals extensively with the interplay of such personalities as Annie Besant, Helena Blavatsky and Charles W. Leadbeater—whose initials, C.W. L. are scattered throughout the book, as he appears over and over again in the role of Mrs. Besant's antagonist.

Some readers, outside the Theosophist movement, may be no more than amused by what is at times so frank a narrative as to seem naive. The author encountered great difficulties in search of herself, and she was certainly associated with a group of eccentrics that would fit more readily into a work of fiction, such as *Auntie Mame*, than into a factual report.

Candles in the Sun is refreshingly candid and informative. Especially fascinating is the account of the development of Krishnamurti, who grew from innocence to knowledge, regardless of the intrigues within this delightful group of eccentrics. It is with a sense of relief, however, that one closes the book, knowing that the author emerged unscathed from her trying involvement in spiritual ferment.

E. J. G.

In Tomorrow's Next Issue:

"What Is a Miracle?"

BY FATHER REGINALD OMEZ, O. P.

Coinciding with the Centennial Observance of the Lourdes Shrine, beginning next February 11, TOMORROW will present this unique contribution: a Catholic theologian's view of parapsychology, psychic phenomena and spiritual healing.

How dangerous are psychic experiences? Can mediums or "mind readers" sample thoughts any time? What worries are valid?

FEARS OF THE PSYCHIC

Daniel Lehmann

THE subject of psychic matters came up in a discussion recently. One of the ladies present was shocked that such "weird" and "magical" matters should be spoken of. She considered psychic matters a field of interest reserved for crackpots: "I believe it is sinful to meddle in such matters. By believing in these things, we are going back to the dark ages of superstition, magic and paganism."

Unfortunately, this lady is not alone in her opinions. A similar combination of moral outrage, fear of the unknown and a simple lack of up-to-date scientific knowledge is the average reaction of a broad section of the public. Psychic matters and the phenomena of extra-sensory perception are approached with suspicion, fear and distrust—more often than not, resulting in ridicule or facetious dismissal of the whole field.

Psychic researchers are used to the ridicule and the well-meaning (and well-worn) jokes of their friends. However, the fear and suspicion of the average citizen is another matter. It is definitely a factor that stands in the way of progress in the field of parapsychology. It is a state of mind that is not to be encouraged. It is an emotional reaction, that, like most emotional reactions, is based on a small amount of truth, inflated to

proportions far beyond reality.

A closer examination of some of the popular fears may help us clarify the matter somewhat.

Messages from Heaven

SOME years ago my father received a letter from a former acquaintance. She wrote that she was receiving messages "directly from Jesus Christ." The voice was telling her many important and prophetic things, and she wanted to enlist the aid of anyone who could help in spreading these messages, which she considered to be of great importance for the whole world. We were not greatly surprised to learn later that the lady had been placed under the care of a mental hospital.

This is probably the main fear attached to psychic phenomena—the connection with the "queer," the "strange" and the mentally unbalanced. Events that are extraordinary arouse suspicions.

It is obvious that this field offers a field day for operations by the mentally insecure. In an area in which "almost anything can happen" it is pretty difficult to tie down a person's mental aberrations if they can prove that they are "receiving messages from discarnate spirits," "operating in their alternate body," or "receiving information that is denied to other human beings." The opportunities for regression, delusions of grandeur, persecution feelings and hallucination are practically unlimited. It is no wonder that persons on the border-line of sanity take the field of psychic matters as a stage on which to dramatize their abnormalities.

Although it may seem that many psychic experiences have elements of abnormality in them, it is far from true that everyone who experiences one of these occurrences is abnormal, or even unbalanced in the slightest. Dr. J. B. Rhine, Director of the Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory, says in his book *New World of the Mind* (New York, 1953) that as a result of tests among patients of mental hospitals, "there is no special reason to look among the mentally ill for exceptional psi performance. In them, evidence of extra-sensory perception has been found at approximately the same general scoring level as that shown by groups of the general unselected population."

Rhine also says: "As far as the psi investigations have progressed to date, nothing has been encountered to link psychic functions with mental illness or with abnormal deviations of any kind." While no one in the field would deny that mental patients may *make use of* psychic experiences (whether true or fraudulent), on the other hand, no serious researcher has ever made the claim that psychic ex-

periences, *in themselves*, are evidence of mental disorder or abnormality.

Fear of Ridicule

ALTHOUGH workers in the psychic field may feel more or less immune to jokes and ridicule, this is certainly not the case with the average person. That is why, although most people will say little about psychic matters and often pretend to be scornful of them, when they find a sympathetic listener they are often eager to tell a story—something that may have happened to them or to a close relative. Such was the the case with a lady in an office I visited who told me an experience that "she had never had the courage to tell anyone else before."

She had a close friend, whom she knew was sick but whom she had not seen for a long time. On one particular day, wherever she went, on the street or in buildings, she would see this man, wearing a brown suit. When she went up to speak to him, the vision would "dematerialize" like a bursting bubble and turn into some other person. She had never had such an experience before, nor did she have any since. She started to drive her car, but was seized with such a nervous feeling that she put the car in the garage and returned to the house. At the end of day, she saw a mutual friend and asked for news of the man. "Haven't you heard?" came the answer. "He passed away today!"

This experience was one of the type known as "spontaneous phenomena" or sometimes called "crisis telepathy." It usually seems to occur at a moment of extreme emotional stress, such as the last warning of a person before or during the time of death, a signal for help in the case of pain or accident, or a call of warning to one who is in great danger. It seems to be some sort of an "emergency power" that is given to human beings for use only in cases of the strongest emotional significance or physical danger.

The main characteristics of it are its spontaneity (it is completely unplanned and may never be repeated), the fact that it is usually sent to a person who is in close "psychic" relationship (that is, someone who knows the thought patterns intimately) with the "sender," and it is almost always connected with very strong emotions. To many observers of the psychic field, it seems to be the most common and widespread form of psychic phenomena.

In the files of the Society for Psychical Research, London, the American Society for Psychical Research and the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University there are thousands of cases of this type.

Parapsychological Discoveries

HOWEVER, due to the great amount of respect that has been accorded the opinions and methods of some of the noted scientists of past and present, the attitude of scientific skepticism has filtered down through society to become what is practically a general public attitude at this time. It is not considered proper to speak of psychic tricks that our minds play because they are assumed to be contrary to inflexible laws of nature and the physical universe as deduced by science.

Although it has been exceedingly difficult, scientists *have* been able to demonstrate the occasional, not completely controlled, appearance of perceptions and actions not explainable through any of the generally accepted five senses. Therefore, positions have once again been reversed. If anyone objects that psychic events are "impossible" or "non-scientific," he can be referred to the published work of J. B. Rhine in the United States, S. G. Soal in England, and researchers in France, Italy, Germany and other countries.

The extra-sensory powers of the mind cannot simply be dismissed any more on the grounds that, since they cannot be touched, heard, seen, smelled or tasted, they do not exist! The results of controlled tests and verified experiences are available which can be seen, touched and perhaps even tasted, if a person has developed an appetite for scientific publications! At any rate, the fear of ridicule, on the basis of being simply superstitious, unscientific or carried away by the emotions, is not based on present-day scientific knowledge and attitudes.

A fear that turns many persons away from parapsychological studies is one that is not easily attacked by logical arguments. It is the fear of the dead.

A Ghost Story

A young lady whom I know loves to go to see ghost tales and horror shows at the movies. However, when her work makes it necessary for her to visit a certain room, in which no ghost has ever been seen, but about which a few ghostly tales have been told, she doesn't relish the task. She recently confided to me that she had gone into the room, and, on seeing her own reflection in the mirror, had fled from the room in fright. She could laugh about the incident later, but the fear of the spirits of the dead is a potent force.

Probably the fear of ghosts does not turn people away from psychical research as much as the popular conception that links mediums and clairvoyants with disreputable conditions and dishonorable exploitations. Mention the word "medium" and the average person at once receives a picture of a scary

old woman, holding a seance in a littered room in a run-down section of town. Dr. Nandor Fodor, a psychoanalyst who has known most of the outstanding mediums of our time, recently remarked, "A medium as a human being in no way differs from you and me."

Anyway, the personality traits of mediums or the surroundings in which they work should have no bearing on the question of whether or not the phenomena they produce are true or fraudulent. It is true that at certain times and places —largely due to the fact that *all* mediumistic activity, regardless of intent, had been outlawed—mediums have performed under highly questionable conditions.

But, whether the trance is carried out in a cheerful room or a sordid cellar, whether the medium is pleasant or forbidding—the essential question remains to be answered—can human beings get in touch with the spirits of the dead, or can the indications be completely explained by others means? Only persons of extremely squeamish nature could object to studies, carried out by trained scientists under circumspect conditions, in order to attempt to unravel this puzzle.

Obviously, this is one of the greatest tasks that falls into the field of parapsychology. Although man for centuries has been frustrated time and again in his search to determine whether or not man survives death, there is no reason why every available method of study should not be explored. This problem, which has been suitable subject matter for the greatest philosophers, theologians and thinkers, is certainly a worthy area of inquiry for the finest minds available, not an inquiry that need be looked upon with suspicion or disregard.

Mass Thought Control

WHILE fear of the dead is old as the centuries, with its roots in childish, infantile beliefs, the last fear that we shall discuss is as modern as the earth satellite and the flying saucer. It was chillingly and unforgettably portrayed by George Orwell in his book *1984*. It is the picture of a totalitarian government exercising complete "thought control" over the citizens of its state by means of telepathy and clairvoyance. Although no one can do more than make feeble attempts at visualizing what will happen in the future, a few thoughts based on present knowledge of "thought reading" may help calm some of the worst fears current on this subject.

There are a number of reasons why a future "thought control" seems to be either not possible or, at least, comparatively unlikely:

I. The first reason is neither scientific or evidential—it is simply an opinion of the author. Thought

reading, if done without permission, is obviously such an intolerable invasion of individual privacy that one cannot imagine any intelligent, healthy person allowing it to be done to him, without exerting every possible device of law, force or ingenuity to subvert it.

II. At the present time, no man who has been willing to submit his abilities to scientific testing, has been known who could read the thoughts of another person *anywhere*, *any time*, without that person's permission and knowledge. Experiments reported so far have been considered outstanding successes when they were able to convey simple line drawings and generalized emotional states, *except for rare exceptions.* It is also important to realize that in these experiments, both persons were giving their full powers of concentration on the matter. If one person were actively trying to avoid communication, the results might be quite different. Also, the amount of time expended, and the countless hours of experiments that were carried on in order to achieve the results they got were far from the kind of instantaneous "television screen" readings that people usually picture when they indulge in worries on this score.

Total Inefficiency

THE sheer total inefficiency of any system of "thought reading" is probably the most obvious reason that such a thing could never be put into practice. One can imagine one "thought reader" for every ten citizens or some similar ratio—but how many thought readers will be needed to control the other thought readers—and meanwhile, while all the thought reading is going on, who is going to be doing any work, much less any thinking? At the present status of the most well developed practitioners of thought reading, the amount of training and preparation needed is not worth the results achieved.

Finally, and this may be a comfort to some and disillusioning news to others, there are no infallible human beings so far known. There has been no person known who could conduct all his business by "psychic energy" alone. Even the foremost mediums and clairvoyants of our time still have to use the telephone, watch out for speeding taxicabs when they cross the street, ask their friends how they are feeling and conduct their affairs in the usual "non-psychic" manner utilized by the average person. Although powers of intelligence combined with sensitive use of certain intuitions can sometimes help a person lead a more effective life—no one yet has been known who, by the exclusive use of his mental powers, could raise more than his spirit to heights of great power and success.

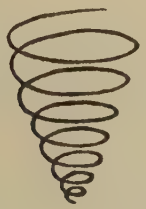
Control for Psychic Powers

IS it sinful to deal with or to investigate psychic matters? Each individual will ultimately have to settle that matter with his conscience. If anyone uses psychic powers—or any other powers—to exercise control irresponsibly over less intelligent or weak-willed people, he stands in danger of the moral recriminations of his fellow men.

Are psychic phenomena dangerous? Without a doubt they are, if exercised stupidly or maliciously. They are not matters for idle experimentation. Nevertheless, it is important to remember that they are most dangerous for the person exercising the powers—not for the innocent bystander who knows how to mind his own business.

Can psychic phenomena be controlled? Within certain limits, the conditions necessary for their operation can be set up, and experienced persons can produce results that are beyond the skill of untrained persons. Persons who have developed their skills wisely, with the help of scientists or experienced observers, have learned how to deal with many of these amazing faculties of the human mind. Persons who are less experienced and who have less control over their own moods and personality whims, should proceed in the field with caution.

There are elementary dangers that justify strong controls and cautions in parapsychological matters, but open-minded recognition of these facts and sensible scientific procedures can do a great deal to eliminate most of them. This would seem to be the lesson that parapsychological studies at their present state have to teach us.



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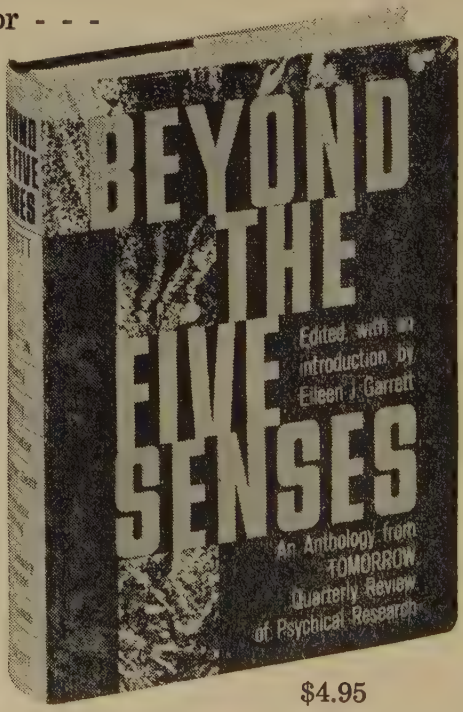

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An impulsive girl with dreamy blue eyes was reported killed in mountain climbing, but why did she refuse to disappear?

NOT EVEN BY DAY

A. X. Elfir

THERE are experiences one is reluctant to relate, be it by reason of personal inhibition or for fear of the scoffing tongue, experiences appearing in retrospect like a dream or something one has read in a book. Yet the evidence of memory is unequivocal: these events occurred in every substantial detail precisely as I am about to tell them now.

It all began a good many years ago in the Scottish village where I lived. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, I met a somewhat older, fair-haired girl with long eyelashes and a dreamy expression, as though her thoughts were far removed from her surroundings. Perhaps they were. Her father, a sculptor, had died of tuberculosis, and she had been brought up by her uncle, who was a professor of ancient philosophy somewhere in Europe. She discoursed nimbly on Plato and Aristotle and, not knowing much of either, I was duly impressed.

However, a fly in the ointment there would be, and one day my dreamy friend was surprised in the act of stealing money from her teacher's coat. What could have led her to this ridiculous larceny is hard to imagine, but she was expelled from her school. She left our neighborhood, and so our brief contact ended, Plato and all.

Years passed.

As a young student I was spending a climbing holiday at a moun-

tain resort and there she was again, grown-up and rather beautiful, with the same dreamy blue eyes. I passed the time of day with her once or twice in the street but did not carry our conversation further. There was just that little awkwardness, an invisible barrier, between her and me.

Possibly as a result of her earlier disgrace, she had an obvious desire to excel. And excel she did—as a climber. With her younger sister, without companions or guides, she had done some of the most difficult climbs in the area. This, not unnaturally, created a flutter of admiration among the other climbers. But I could not help feeling that there was something a little unhealthy about it, and it was that, rather than the memory of her expulsion, that produced the awkward feeling between us. She was, in any case, engaged to a young doctor, so that romantic interest on my part was further ruled out.

An Impulse Disobeyed

HOWEVER, there was an unclimbed face in one little-frequented valley that had rather caught my fancy. The rock was limestone of evil repute, and I could not persuade anybody to join me in an attack on that face, which was too difficult to tackle alone. My holiday was nearly over, and my thoughts turned towards the sisters. I did, in fact, progress so far as to put my finger on the buzzer of their door one morning, but at the last minute I changed my mind.

Next day I saw the two girls make for the hills, with rucksacks and ropes, and a day after, I left the place without making my climb.

A few days later, an American friend told me the sisters had been killed in an accident on the day I had left.

It did occur to me that had I pressed the buzzer they might not have gone on that fatal expedition, but I put this thought as far away from my mind as possible, dismissing it with a sententious observation that fool-hardiness was not the same thing as courage, and, if one persisted in it, trouble was bound to follow.

A month went by. I was reading for an examination and in going through my books I came across a slender volume. I recognized it at once. It had been given to me by a dreamy-eyed schoolgirl who had been expelled from her school for larceny. Instantly I had a strong feeling that she was standing behind me. I turned round. There was nothing to be seen.

And yet, although there was no visual image, by some strange sense, tactile rather than optical, possibly something like a scanning radar beam, I could make out the whole of her figure with an amazing precision.

She was standing in the middle of the room, motionless, her toes inwards, head on one side, with a little smile. One of the white buttons on her blue blouse was undone.

For some minutes we looked at each other and then the sensation vanished.

It was late. I went to bed, disturbed. All through the night I had one unvarying dream.

The girl was holding me tight by the right wrist and leading me across a bog. She never turned towards me, never spoke a word, but I knew that I had to follow her or lose my footing and be instantly drowned.

I woke up with a start, yet, though wide awake, I had no power to do so much as quiver an eyelid. There was a hand on my forehead, an elbow on my chest, and my face was smothered with long fine hair. It was pitch dark and I could see nothing. After a while the hair moved and lifted. First the hand, then the elbow, were gone. I regained control of my muscles and turned on the light.

After lying awake for half an hour or so, I turned off the light and fell asleep once more. The same dream continued.

Next morning, as I walked through the streets, I could feel her at my side. As I was passing a Catholic church, I remembered that she was a Catholic. Something urged me to go in and pray for her, but there was little love lost between me and the Catholic Church and, as an agnostic, I dismissed the idea. This was, undoubtedly, a wrong thing to do and I was properly punished for it.

Apparition in Gauze

DAY IN, day out, in the streets and crowded lecture halls, on trams and buses, I could feel her presence, beside or behind me and yet nowhere in particular. Not for a minute did she leave me alone, except at night: no dreams, no ghosts troubled me through the hours of darkness, with one notable exception.

I had moved to different rooms. A street light was shining into my window as I woke up in a state of unpleasant excitement, a pulse thudding hard in my throat. I sat up in bed with a feeling that something unusual was about to happen, though there was nothing to indicate it. When, however, I looked at my wardrobe, which had an oval mirror on its front, I noticed that the outline of the mirror was quivering as though hot air were rising in front of it. Then a kind of grey mist, spread thinly, like tissue paper—it appeared to have no dimension in depth—crept into this trembling area and began to shape slowly into a human figure, down to the waist.

The apparition was wrapped in gauze, gray, motionless and lifeless.

(Oddly, I found later that her body had been wrapped in gauze to conceal mutilations suffered in her fall.) Her eyes were closed, lips slightly parted.

There came a flash resembling that of an electric spark. A pink light flickered in the cheeks of the apparition and the eyelids moved slightly. A moment and the eyes would open, she might even speak. But a perverse devil at the back of my mind flashed a thought hurtful to the person of the ghost, without any conscious will on my part. There was a faint *swoosh*, more electric sparks, the whole thing turned around edge-on and vanished for, as I said, it was perfectly flat without any dimension in depth.

I lay down on my bed and turned to the wall. Out of the solid masonry her face, pink this time with eyes open, was looking at me, almost point blank and yet, somehow far away. Then it grew smaller and smaller still, as though receding without change in position, and disappeared.

Visit to a Graveyard

I SAW no more ghosts, much as I wanted to see them—to get to the bottom of it all. But the presence continued.

I had passed my exam. The autumn term ended.

I packed up and left for the mountain resort where she was buried.

It was a frosty, clouded, moonless December night when I reached the vast graveyard on the outskirts of the town. Adjoining it were empty fields, a small wood, a power station humming beyond a rapid river. In the mortuary at the entrance to the cemetery, I had been told a body lay on a table awaiting a postmortem after an accident.

The huge wrought-iron gate was wide open. Midnight was approaching. I entered and proceeded along the central alley, flanked by marble angels, obelisks, Gothic spires in cast iron, granite slabs and crosses. As I passed, it seemed to me as though there were a kind of electric discharge from each monument—rather like the hiss one hears sometimes on a mountain ridge at the approach of a storm. Possibly this was the echo of my own footfalls. Otherwise, everything was quiet and peaceful. I had no fear.

In the dim twilight of the town lights, reflected from the clouds and the thin sprinkling of snow, I could pick my way without using my flashlight. But I did not know the location of the grave I was looking for; I had never asked.

In the darkness ahead I could see a faint light and I made straight for it, abandoning the path. I strode boldly on and, to my horror walked straight into a newly dug

grave. I was lithe and strong and scrambled out of it without much difficulty, but it was distinctly unpleasant. I continued on my way more cautiously.

The light I had seen came from an oil lamp below a small alabaster Madonna in a niche in a granite block. I ran my flashlight over the inscription. It conveyed nothing to me. It was not the place.

On my right, the tombs ended. I could see a stretch of untouched grass among the bushes. I turned that way and soon noticed a tall wooden cross with faded wreaths of mountain pine at its foot. I knew at once that this was *it*.

The Release

SO THERE I was, standing with bowed head at her grave. I prayed for her as best I could and asked her to rise and tell me if she had any message. A great stillness lay unbroken over the frosty night, except for the sound of the flowing river and the hum of the power station. Nothing happened. I do not know how long I stood thus, but there came upon me a feeling of friendliness and gratitude, like a warm flood, and it held me bound to the spot. In the end I said my good-by and turned towards the exit.

Perhaps this had been more of a strain than I realized, but as the gravel of the main alley crunched under my feet I had a feeling that a silent crowd was gathering behind my back and I could feel the hair on the back of my neck begin to rise.

"I will not run. I will not run"—I repeated through my clenched teeth, and walked steadily on. One hundred...two hundred yards. The crowd, silent, invisible, was growing behind me as if those in every tomb joined as I passed—a kind of funeral in reverse.

Here was the gate and the mortuary. As I stepped between the posts, a loud clang shook the ironwork as though it had been hit with a sledge-hammer. For a moment it seemed that the gate was going to close upon me, but it settled on its hinges and remained still.

A cold terror gripped me, but I was a scientist by training.... It was the frost. The rusty iron bolts securing the hinges had contracted and the vibration of my footfalls was enough to burst one of them....That was all there was to it—perhaps. My will asserted itself. I spun round on my heels and faced the alleyway.

But there was nothing, nothing at all—a wide path, thinly sprinkled with snow, and on its sides, marble angels, obelisks, crosses and cast-iron Gothic spires, as my glance darted here and there.

For a moment I fancied a lone white figure at the far end, but even this showed itself finally to be a monument of some kind.

I stood there for a few minutes to quiet the action of my heart, then walked away briskly to the main road.

I had won my victory. The fatal bond was severed, no presence troubled me any more. Yet, since then I seem to have lost my love of visiting graveyards, even by day.

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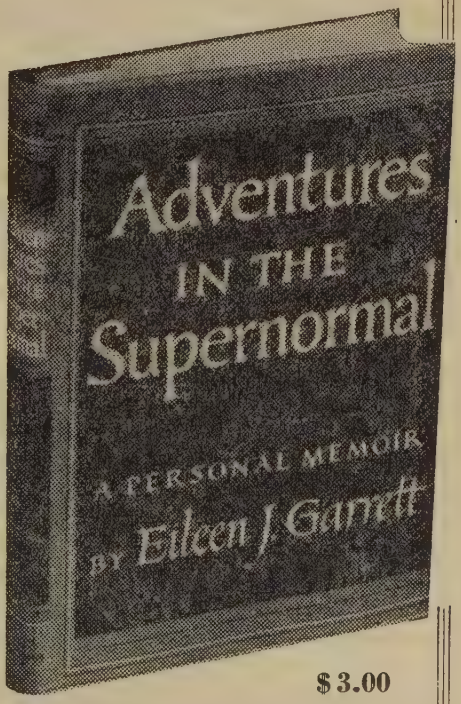

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"The function of this discussion is not to prove immortality, nor to disprove it. It is to shake ourselves out of customary attitudes, to see afresh the nature of the question, to get once more its original impact, in the hope of arriving at a clearer total perception..."

The Meaning of Immortality In Human Experience

William Ernest Hocking

ALFORD PROFESSOR of PHILOSOPHY, Harvard University
(1920-1943)

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and published by Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y.

ON the following pages, the readers of TOMORROW *find excerpts from a highly significant book, written by a philosopher of outstanding qualifications. In* The Meaning of Immortality in Human Experience, *William Ernest Hocking writes: "Man is the only animal that contemplates death, and also the only animal that shows any sign of doubt of its finality." This is a statement of classic impact and simplicity. It looks beyond the mere idea of immortality to the cumulative experience of the human race, that merges it in a sweeping world view embracing other valid experience.*

PROF. Hocking, in this book, expresses distinguished thought with beauty and clarity. Here are a few examples of his writings:

"Death, when it comes, should be the glad remembrance and celebration of love . . ."

"Living is a continuous marriage of idea with fact, and like every bridal, on one hand it fulfills one's destiny and on the other limits one's infinitude . . ."

"Through death, life becomes a surveyable object, distinct from myself, which I can on occasion and with good will put away. And this may be the beginning of seeing beyond death . . ."

"The world 'eternal' seems to me not alone unnecessarily baffling, but misleading, as though it were something in contrast with time, instead of what it is: the very essence of the time order . . ."

THE strong presumption against any survival of death has its grounds in the natural conditions of all human life, conditions increasingly well understood. We are organisms, highly complex. We cannot claim, nor could we wish, the sort of perpetuity proper to protozoa and other unicellular organisms. We grow, and we age, body and mind alike. Senescence, the "growing-old" which is a sort of un-growing, and which Weismann considered a property inherent in all metazoa, appeared to him not only universal in this group but also beneficial, since "unlimited duration of life of the individual would be a senseless luxury." (A. Weismann, *Ueber die Dauer des Lebens.* Quoted by A. Comfort, *The Biology of Senescence.*

The naturalism of today and every day which accepts Nature as its final source of instruction can speak with no other voice. And men like old Lucretius or newer Bertrand Russell or Corliss Lamont, who draw their literal conclusions without flinching, deserve our respect for their clear speaking. The science for which they speak is not an alien voice; it is our science, yours and mine. It must be in full view of its cumulative force that any one today examines the conditions in our present human constitution and its "environment" (otherwise known as "reality") which entail a possibility of the personal survival of death. If there are any such conditions even now present in the human self, they will show themselves in human experience: immortality, not as idea alone but as potential of structure, will have a present meaning there.

Walk by the Charles River

ONE experience may serve to illustrate my own turn of understanding. It occurred in the Fall of 1941, as I was engaged in a seminar on metaphysics at Harvard. We had been discussing newer views of space and time, mass and energy. Metaphysical speculation and physical theory had become inseparable; but both, at this moment of world history, appeared remote from the pressing anxieties of men: Europe was deep in war; we were verging toward involvement. Yet somehow, relativity-theory seemed to carry us toward the center of things, since the unlocking of physical riddles must affect all human doings, including war itself.

After a meeting of the seminar, late Wednesday afternoon, October

21, I went for a lonely walk along Charles River bank. The sun had already set. A new crescent was standing over the far end of Andersen bridge. The mass of Business School buildings was reflected in the river as a dimly waving blackness. Under the blackness the river was silver. Against the silver, a Harvard eight at belated practice, was silhouetted, oarsmen and coxswain posturing rhythmically like gondoliers.

To the west, over the line of gray-blue hills, a rim of brownish-red glow, shading upward into a sky-depth of luminous darkness. It was as though for the moment Nature were holding still—caught in a spell of quiet and tense glory, unwilling to fade.

Illusion or not, the beauty and infinite quietude of a scene, whose inner texture was doubtless infinite motion, invaded the witness, as if its repose were the truth. Here was quiescence—no seminar, no discussion, no labor of categories, also no war. Time had stopped, and the world was now drenched in unmoving space. Space was endless; it was my space, running out far beyond the solitary evening star; running also through the earth, and out the other side. There were armies at night, minds full of battle-plans for tomorrow's action. Was it truly the same space? Could that space, crowded with fighters' strategies, be the same as my space, spell-bound in peace?

Yes, it must be the identical space; it is the same world for all of us. Yet it cannot be the same. For no one else saw the world I saw; if I had not happened along that marvel of a sky-moment might have passed unknown. It was certainly not known to itself was it? Those colors, lights, shadows, shapes, could exist only for a creature with eyes, stationed at or near where I was standing.

Our various spaces, all infinite, must be and cannot be identical. The answer? Space is not single but plural. There is a world-space, identical for all included persons. But for each one, there is also a private space, perhaps spaces, holding private responses to qualities, holding also futurities, not yet existent—plans, battle-plans perhaps, plans that can be detained, modified, canceled, as events in the identical world-space cannot be.

Space must have a plural—this we were saying in the seminar. And more than this, each person envisages plural spaces. Then, the position of the person, the self toward this his plurality, how shall we describe it? Each space can be called a "field," a continuum in which infinite positions, potentials etc., can be distinguished and held together. Could the self, a envisaging plural fields, be a field of fields?

The walk away from the seminar had brought me back to the seminar; or no: it had brought the

seminar back to me, but in a vivid picture-presence. What I there thought, I was here *seeing*. It was all simple and self-evident; but I had a feeling of admission, as if a difficulty had dropped away. That night a brief article went off to the *Journal of Philosophy*, where it appeared December 4, 1941, introduced as follows: "A relatively unilluminating compactness has some compensating advantages, the chief of which is, in a time of war, that one can get it said."

The enduring perception contained in this very momentary experience is that of the self as a field of fields. This expression is open to technical criticism both from the side of psychology and from that of field-theory—the analogy is imperfect. But as it is used in this book, it is valid. It opens the way to a doctrine of concrete freedom, and to a view of the conditions of possible survival of death, which I trust may serve as an aid in the age-long inquiry into the tenable meaning of immortality. It should offer grounds for distinguishing what is purely imaginative and poetic in the otherworldly gropings of mankind from what is ultimate mystery and empirical truth.

Positive Meanings of Death

IF there is to be any chance of seeing beyond death, we must first be able to see death as it is. And to see death truly, we must recognize what meaning it has both for the race and for the individual who dies.

It is customary to look upon death as unmixed evil, perhaps the severest of evils. Pessimists have taken it as their crowning argument, forgetting that if life is an evil, death which is only the expunging of life must be a good. But if life is a good, as for common consciousness it is, and if in death the self comes to nothing and remains forever nothing for itself, then death must be the major calamity. And if the final state of things gives us the lasting sum of their values, we can hardly avoid the reflection of Leo Tolstoi, that an ultimate annihilation sends its shadow backward and cancels the worth of every present achievement. Religion reflects the universal feeling of the evil of death when it calls it the wages of sin.

But if death is the price of anything, biological death, it is the price not of sin but of love. For if men by way of love are to beget new generations of men continual-

ly, the old must pass. The world room is finite; without perennial death there could be no perennial appearance of childhood. Without childhood, love which is transmission, and whose greatest joy is the handing-on of life, would be choked in its beginnings. Love is the distant acceptance and celebration of one's own transiency. And death, when it comes, should be the glad remembrance and celebration of love.

For the race, death means flexibility in the changes of history. Death renders it unnecessary to be forever educating old men to new ways; for as the old men pass, their rigid formulae pass with them. A suit of armor cast in long pieces—even flexible pieces—is an enemy to agility; but made of tiny flakes or links—even if each one is inflexible—it lends itself to all the supple bendings of the body.

Were Adam, Noah, Socrates, Confucius still among us, how we would weary of the daily rumor of their views upon the affairs of the moment: would not a certain sense of fair play bring about a conspiracy to ignore them, so that contemporary voices might sound out with due sonority and weight? If there were no natural death, society might well be driven to institute some form of artificial death, such as an honorable ostracism, lest the cumulative weight of great authority hold all newarriving tongues locked in deference and thwart their arrival at maturity through the exercise of responsible opinion.

It is not merely that the old become static—that need not be the case—but they frequently become wise and prudent. And life must progress in part by the imprudence of those who undertake the impossible, not knowing what they do. It is death which insures that the reins shall leave sagacious and experienced hands and come to the unwisdom of youth, with the large probability of new ills but also of a modicum of good otherwise unattainable.

Without death, the inequalities of age alone would become monstrous, and the growing emotional disparity between ancients and beginners insupportable. And so far as there operates in society the rule that to him that hath shall be given, all the geometrically-growing advantages of power and prestige require a natural terminus if they are not to destroy the access of man to man on which society rests. They find this terminus in the democracy of death: a rude mechanical justice, operating without noise, incessantly reduces to common dust all the mounting conquests of personal prowess and distributes their yield to new hands. And if men incline to the opinion that such and such great figure is indispensable, death furnishes the

experimental proof that no man is necessary to the race, and so the sanity of the species, always running to the ease and vicarious elevations of hero worship, is from time to time restored.

Further, the fact that life has a time limit allows it to have shape and character. Its work can be summed and considered as a whole: it stands for an identifiable something.

Retain Plato in life for two thousand years, growing and producing great works as a Plato must until he parallels the entire history of Western thought—for what, then, in our minds could Plato stand, and who could think or write about Plato? Biography is baffled unless a life, limited like a work of art, becomes in some sense the song of its own time, having indeed an epoch of its own, and a limited output into the public treasury. It is with the death of an artist that his work first begins to find its valuation and its historic emplacement.

The vessel which contains a life remains plastic and unfinished, until death—having its whole contents—rounds-in its end; then one can speak of the quality of that life and of the shape of that vessel; and these become the meaning to the world of that personal name. Perhaps we may say that the thing we call "individuality" is not a pre-existing fact but rather a possibility until death finishes the definition. Then alone is this person a complete qualitative fact, distinct from every other.

These considerations among many give death a positive value to the world at large as it witnesses the coming and going of its members. Humanity as a procession is better than humanity as a fixture; and flux, even in the sphere of values, appears to have superiority over the ancient category of substance.

The capacity to regard my particular life as a special object of thought, and so as something separate from the self that judges it—something to be prized but also estimated, criticized and for due cause renounced—this is the special mark of humanity.

I am not altogether free in any action (young or old) so long as I am dominated by an inescapable will to live. Under the spell of that instinct, life appears precious above all things, and no good however great could justify its sacrifice: for when consciousness is gone, there is nothing. As I think of it, I become obsessed by the necessity of living, which means holding to the life I have with a desperate tenacity: and the ordinary risks which men take gladly—the risks of soldier, miner, aviator, traveler, nay, of the common deeds of eating, conversing, losing one's guard in sleep, become forms of madness.

As contrasted with such rational—and craven—fascination with

living, the willingness to die appears as a necessary condition of normal life, and a well-considered acceptance of death as a new stage of freedom. The power of suicide—whether the act itself be base or noble, whether it be direct, or the indirect suicide of a Socrates or a Jesus, of men who live too dangererously for natural death—is an exalted power. Property is not mine until I can alienate it: life is not mine until I can renounce it.

This type of freedom is peculiarly marked in our own day; and though it disguises itself under the mask of an ironic humor which refuses to take too seriously the only thing of serious import to oneself, it is one sign of the inner greatness of this age. It has been a condition without which the best advances of our science, medicine, technology could hardly have occurred. Rabindranath Tagore, in rebuking the notion that the civilization of the West is "materialistic" as compared with the "spiritual" quality of the Orient, has well recorded this quality underlying our technological advance: "When the aeroplane rises into the sky, we may marvel at it as the acme of mechanical perfection. But it is more than this: it is a victory of the spirit. For it was not until, in the West, man had overcome the fear of death that he could master the art of flying—the art of the gods!"

Through death, then, life becomes a surveyable object, distinct from myself, which I can on occasion and with good will put away. And this may be the beginning of seeing beyond death. But whether this is truth or fancy cannot be judged until we attend to the logical analysis which underlies our ideas of life and death.

"I Have Lived . . ."

LET us make note of one truth which has less repute than it deserves: the truth that *duration is a dimension of value.*

It is common to suppose that quality alone is important; and that when experience has a satisfactory or noble quality, prolongation adds nothing to its worth. One hears the phrase "mere continuance," and thinks with aversion of a purely animal tenacity of being, willing to spin out through endless time the torpor of a tortoise or the vegetable somnolence of a sequoia. To experience happiness or greatness or intensity or elevation or ecstasy for an instant—that is held to be the goal; and then one may vanish content.

And doubtless if the choice were between a long-continued humdrum and a brief flash of flame, it is better to be able to say "I have lived" than to say "I have lasted." But these are not the only alternatives. And for the one who, being gone, is no longer able to look back and say "I have lived," there is no better and no worse.

It is the normal destiny of experience to be prolonged in proportion to its height, not inversely. The best of our experiences are normally long looked-forward-to and long remembered: whether the event itself is brief or extended, its time room is measured by the period of its occupation of consciousness in prospect, experience, and retrospect.

Without this natural time dimension we know we have not "done justice" to the event: meanings may be seen instantly, but they are not "realized" (by beings with our time-extended mode of thinking) except with a certain amplitude of the process of pondering. Deprived of their due aftergrowth they fail to attain their proper value.

But if time is a dimension of value, it is not a problem to be settled by introspective questioning or questionnairing whether one does or does not desire to continue his life: life is objectively worth more as a continued than as a closed affair. We instinctively know this to be the case. As the impression prevails that this natural world is the only world, and this life the only life, there arises also a minor point of morals: "Do not waste time thinking about death; live well the time you have, and forget that it ends." For, to remember that there is an absolute end does something, in spite of good will, to cut the nerve of present effort.

But what sort of realism is this, and what sort of universe, when it becomes a duty not to dwell on the facts? Especially such a fact as the end of individual consciousness, which is pertinent to every undertaking of that individual.

One symptom of this curious unrealism of the realistic bent is a set of fallacies it begets, as it seeks to replace the thought of individual extinction with more hopeful themes.

We are urged to remember that the race goes on, society goes on, institutions go on, and probably "progress": humanity will reach its ideal. The continuance of the social whole may compensate for the loss of the individual. But this is the plausible fallacy of totalism. Unless the individual continuance is secure, there is no security for the race. From the point of view of naturalism, the presence on this obscure planet of the conditions suitable to human life or to any life is a rare accident, and in all probability a transitory one: there are many possible events, slight in the scale of cosmic happenings, which would effectively terminate

it. It retains its place precariously, at the courtesy of forces it can hardly know and, which in turn neither know nor care for it.

If, then, the individual survives his death in another environment, something of the racial wealth of meaning may be kept when the race is gone. If the individual perishes, the prospect for the race and all its mental treasures is extinction. It is thus the individual who must secure the race, not the race the individual.

We are also urged to remember that new individuals always replace the old, and presumably of a slowly rising mental and moral stature. But no new consciousness can replace the consciousness of the old; for there is a definite value in the continuous climb from zero, and in its remembrance.

The meaning of things is increased by the cumulation of the past with which one thinks them: no one knows what an achievement is who does not know the tentatives in which it began. To suppose that new values can stand full-fledged by themselves is one form of the fallacy of isolation: new value is relative to the whole of a preceding history. The loss of memories from the world would thus be a clear and irreparable loss of meaning.

Not a Foregone Conclusion

COULD we fully attain reality, the survival of death would necessarily follow; for it belongs to the real that it lasts. But since what we can attain is only a degree and kind of realness, there is only a possibility that this degree and kind may carry through the crises of death. We here assert no more than this possibility.

It may well be that the survival of death is not a foregone conclusion, as if each person with or against his will were doomed to everlastingness. The soul is certainly not endowed, as Plato thought, with the fixed, substantial degreeless reality of the atom. It possesses, we think, not immortality but immortability. It depends upon itself what degree of realness it comes to possess. Immortality may be "put on"; one may also put on mortality. The soul may resolve to take the present, partial scene of things as final, and may by determined action upon that hypothesis make it true for its own experience. It is the nemesis of an imperfect realism that its illusions become its effective reals.

The primary evidence for this view of things lies in experience, an aspect of experience which the modern man shares with the primitive, an intuition which it may

be difficult for him to single out, but which he need not have lost nor in the fullest light of science forgo. I refer to that deep-lying innocence of the mind (its "negative wholeness") whereby it carries on its living as though there were to be no temporal end of its being.

It is the special function of the mystic to remind us of the risks of all definition, while adhering to an equally vigorous insistence that there is something there which we must forever try to define. Maintaining a rigidly skeptical aloofness toward all "conceptions" (except one or two!), he is all the more emphatic about those meager assertions in which he feels himself impregnable. Such as these: that there is a meaning in the whole of things; that we are always dimly aware of it; and that it is possible to raise the dim awareness to a firm immediate conviction.

This first assertion, that there is meaning, is a thin assertion—a mere "that" without a "what"—such as mystics delight in to the provocation of all who desire concreteness. Yet its very thinness insures that it will never get into the way of present action. And it may well be the most important assertion to set into our foundations. For if it is certain that there is a meaning, it becomes reasonable to spend a lifetime or more in the search for it, and to reject those negations repeatedly put forward by the confusion of philosophic voices or by the perplexities of one's own experience.

If it is *not* certain that there is a meaning, the zeal for finding it might reasonably at some time give out. We are naturally disposed to give life the benefit of the doubt and to take the pragmatic attitude, "Act as if life were worth living"—as good a risk as any to push out on: we can adhere to this in all good faith as long as courage holds out; but if indeed we are acting purely on a working-hypothesis, sustained by ourselves, we must be prepared to meet facts which require a negative verdict.

The mystic rejects all such pragmatism; he has his certainty: and because of it, he is forever debarred, and would debar others, from indulging in the luxury of despair.

If we ask him how he can be certain, the mystic refers us to that which is always better than proof, immediate experience. It is that same thread of experience that we have been following, the primitive innocence which asserts "No end," the simplicity of the child's absorption, but with this additional and positive character, an indefinable awareness of ultimate worth in what he now does. He declares (with full awareness of the paradox) that this distant and elusive meaning is always dimly felt as an inseparable quality of ongoing experience, too close to be clearly discerned but also too close to be doubted.

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The Tantalizing Mystic

TAKEN by himself, the mystic is likely to be an encouraging person, but also a tantalizing person, running a risk at least as grave as that of the philosophical definer, that of mistaking subjective confidence for objective truth. Yet he is no mere mythologist; he is one who sees and calls on others to see. In my judgment he is right in his primary assertions, that there is a total meaning in things, and that we are all dimly aware of it, and may thus be certain that it exists.

Unless there is an immediately felt meaning there is no meaning at all: no future meaning could compensate for a complete absence of meaning in the present moment; and whatever meaning life may come to possess hereafter must be simply the ampler interpretation of the meaning which it now has. I could not seek it, had I no present clue to that which I am seeking. I could not yearn for what is not here, unless yearning could contemplate that which is missing, and in contemplating enjoy its image.

At the same time, this immediate certainty is not enough. If living were so much its own always available and sufficient apology there would be no reason for a program of action and change. Taking him strictly at his word, the mystic, like the Stoic, would have to refer the whole business of daily life to some inferior mechanism, such as the conventional round of duties. In point of biographical fact, he is not usually thus consistent. He commonly finds himself, in practical affairs, a strenuously effective individual. Sometimes he condescends to this "realism" with an uneasy sense of duplicity, as if he ought to be an alien in this world of fact. More often he perceives that the art of life must unite, in some fashion, its realistic with its mystical phases, and seeks some further understanding of this union. As a matter of practical program, we all tend to alternate between the two.

All normal living finds its sanity through some version of this alternation or rhythm. But alternation, a practical solution, is not an understanding. Can the realist include this mystic in his view, or can the mystic absorb the realist, or can some third view include both?

In the end, the mystic finds the reason for his realistic phase, though to explain it he resorts once more to myth. He feigns that since his action in time affects the fortunes of others beside himself, he has some particular thing to do for them (and not alone for his own development as a realist) though he knows not what it is. In this sense his active life is an infinite network of crossings of paths, in each of which crossings or encounters with others he transmits to them such

reality as he has, until then, attained. Life thus contains a series of *rendezvous* with Destiny; and all living, full of potential adventure, has the significance of preparation for such encounters. The peril of living is that one may miss the meeting with Destiny, or fail through unfitness to do what was to be done.

If there is an eternal meaning, there is nothing better in all futurity than some of the things which human life, here in the middle of time, may contain. If there is an absolute sense of existence, life has nothing better to do, at any time, than to move toward the human encounter in which real may speak to real, and in so doing give alms to the Absolute. And while the "attainment of reality" is a general aim, identical for everybody and hence giving no special reason for my existence or yours, this conception of the personal *agendum*, as containing what the universe means, lends to each self and to each deed the weight of the world's expectancy and need, which I alone, in this pass, can meet.

Dawn into Sunset

THUS the mystic view absorbs the realist view: the true mystic has to be, and can be, a realist, as the realist cannot be a mystic without cracking his realistic frame of being. The mystic performs the miracle which the realist requires but cannot perform for himself—he renews the ever-ebbing values of the daily task by restoring amplitude-of-horizon to the detail of living. He is invoking at every point, perhaps through symbol and myth, the greater miracle, far beyond his solitary power—that of bringing dawn back into the sunset, the endless otherness of life into the crux of death.

In so doing, he holds himself responsible to whatever new light the persistent and legitimate realism of mankind, through science, logic, and cosmology, brings to the wider frame of existence. This cold light may banish his vision; it may give that vision its needed literality of support. In either case, the true mystic will never evade the task, now before us, which imperils all hope; for unless he has truth, he has nothing.

Perspective

THERE lies before us a direct attack upon our final issue: Is personal survival of death possible?

We shall take the term "personal" literally, meaning continuous identity of self-awareness, with elements of memory, questioning, and purpose. This implies that we

shall not be discussing the possibility of *vicarious survival*, often put orward as a substitute for self-urvival. Survival by transmission—the picking up by others of the impetus, the causes, the achievements of the life that passes—this survival-*in-aliis* presents no problem: it is the obvious vital absorbing-function of every continuing society.

Let me also note that we are not speaking of the possible survival of a "soul", as distinct from the perishing body. This body disappears beyond recovery; and with it all power of communication through present effect with the existing assemblage of human associates. Yet, without bodiliness of some sort there can be no personal living. Existence, for a person, implies awareness of events in time—a continuity of particulars not an absorption in universals or in The One. It is this particularity and temporalness that now concern us. And clearly, it is this concrete concern that creates our most radical impasse, our most spontaneous reading of the facts as implying extinction.

For in the human lot, just in proportion as it claims its belonging within *time*, there is an intrinsic perishing inseparable from time we are claiming as our own; and in death, the perishing runs deep, a lifetime is most definitely ended. It is true, the perishing is not absolute: it is precisely the physical that has *not* perished—the chemical and dynamic equations retain their integrity. Dust has remained dust, but also energy has remained energy.

What has perished is the livingness of structure and function, the organic and personal integration of the persisting elements. Our question relates to *this* perishing, whether it is absolute, cutting through every strand of personal being—most vulnerable through its very marvel of unified complexity; or whether it, too, may be relative, leaving a germinal strand of selfhood intact. It is in this sense that I shall inquire into the possible *relativity of death.*

The Elemental Certitudes

HOW shall analysis begin? If there were any relevant *a priori* certitudes available, they might be of use to us, provided that they were at the same time concrete—in Kant's terms, synthetic *a priori* judgments. We need not enter this contested territory if we observe that a beginning may be found *in experience*, allowing

that experience, in the form of intuition, may have its very own universal, indubitable character.

Western philosophers have sought a relevant intuition which without prior discipline could command universal consent. They have appealed to immediate self-awareness to verify a character of "the soul" from which it can be inferred either that the soul cannot survive, or that it must survive. They have undertaken to establish in this way the *that* of survival, pro or con. As for the *how* of survival, they have commonly fallen back on current myth.

I suggest that we note first the intuitions which, in Western philosophy, have been dominantly appealed to in this connection; they will lead us to an alternative starting point in experience. We shall then turn to the imaginative supplements which have been used to indicate the how of survival, a matter far less attended to by philosophical discussion, one might fairly say neglected, and yet essential to our own inquiry.

Plato perfectly illustrates this procedure. In his most frequently quoted analysis he argues from the intuition that the soul is one, simple and indivisible—and the truism that the perfectly simple cannot be disintegrated—to the conclusion that the soul cannot die.

When Descartes, basing himself on this same intuition, added the notion of "substance," he thought to introduce a further barrier to annihilation in death. At the same time, he introduced a further problem into his philosophy. Substance being defined as self-sufficient being, dependent on nothing else, must be indestructible. The soul, he says in almost verbal agreement with Augustine, is an unextended, immaterial substance, simple, indivisible—hence imperishable: its essence is the I-think. Its power to survive, on this showing, depends not on its verifiable simplicity, but on a substantial imperviousness which outpasses the reach of intuition.

Likewise the monads, which, as noncommunicating globules of being, like Platonic souls, eternally pre-exist as well as perdure. Each such entity, containing its own version of the entire world, should be able to be directly aware of its own perpetuity, unborn and indestructible. But in so far as the monad notion outpasses intuition, and prescribes an inescapable identity through all past time, it collides with other intuitions.

Those who, like myself, believe that they have been born of two parents, a belief supporting a memory intuition of limited pastness, implying a definite beginning and a finite past history, are debarred from sharing this confidence in inherent two-way eternity. And there is this material difficulty,

that if one considers that he retains actual memories of previous embodied existences, he must be prepared to set aside with a firm hand the impressive phenomena of heredity!

For our own analysis, I propose to adhere to intuition as a starting point, but to a different intuition. I suggest a phase of experience whose certitude, if not explicitly universal, is yet capable of being brought to universal affirmation. I call attention to our self-awareness, not as simple, not as substantial, not as monadic, but as *free*—free in a sense to be carefully defined.

What we now recognize is that *nuclear certitude is composite:* in our lonely self-awareness we are not and cannot be solitary; the thinker without something-thought-about is a zero; and the something-thought-about is something-to-be shared, as common object, with a "Thou," co-present with the self. With this triadic character of nuclear experience, the I-It-Thou inseparable, the self-sufficient monadic outline is destroyed; and immortality of the ego-by-itself ceases to be plausible, still less axiomatic.

The certitude we seek will be found not in the self-enclosed ego, but in the *active relation of the self to its world of common objects*, fully accepted as essential to its own being. As experience acquires, for the self, an objective character, as shared with a Thou, there is inseparably an objectivity in the sphere of its action. Activity is aboriginal and impulsive; but as impulsive action affects a common world, the power to act becomes *a power to effect change* in this world-not-myself; and if the change is durable, the power to act is *ipso facto power to create.* If the power to create is an outcome of a power-to-choose in creation, the self is exercising what is generally called "freedom" meaning here freedom in the metaphysical sense of power to originate concrete fact. In my judgment the exercise of this power is a factor in all self-conscious being: *we act knowing this freedom*, whether or not we single it out for explicit assertion.

Let us now observe the pertinence of this certitude-of-concrete-freedom to our inquiry regarding survival.

Freedom is inseparable from our self-awareness as able-to-act, even prior to our engagement with outer fact. Our most aboriginal freedom is exercised in choosing between *effort and rest;* and especially in regard to one type of effort, the effort of thinking. With the subject matter offered in sensation I may deal passively (or aesthetically) as a sensing entity; or I may deal with it actively as a thinking entity. Were it not for this alternative, this freedom, there could be no touch of duty in the call actu-

ally there, and mingling inseparably with what one's own life impulse dictates—the call *not merely to sense but to think* this mutual stuff, and thereby transform *sensa* into object things and events, materials for a common world, ultimately for a common science. This effort of thought is the first field of duty; and freedom is presupposed—it is, in this sense, prior to duty.

To be free, therefore, is to be, by way of our individual imagination, in possible command of the course of nature. What is going to happen is, at some point, that which I will to happen—I, and *not nature!* For nature does not imagine. If, therefore, in our power to create, we are in a position, however narrow and perilous, to dictate the happening of nature, there is in our being something outside of nature. And what is outside of nature, in relation of *control*, is not at that point at the mercy of perishings within nature.

If, then, we accept this intuition of concrete freedom as among our elemental certitudes, we have a promising basis—the only promising basis so far as we have seen—for analytic examination of the judgment that survival is possible. For my part I accept this intuition of freedom as valid. Its statement and purport are indeed matters of philosophical contention through the ages; the skeptical reflections that incline us ever and anon to a view of external determination pervading all our seemingly free choices are achievements of the sophisticated mind—importations from world views of vast dignity and importance, but subsequent: I shall not here broach this issue.

I note simply that if the experience of freedom offers light upon the *that* of survival, the *how* of freedom might do as much for the how of survival. Kant gives no answer to this question; for him, freedom is a postulate, and further, his view of freedom is not in our sense concrete.

Let us now turn, as above proposed, to the imaginative supplements dealing with current conceptions of how survival is possible.

To Imagine Another Life

I once thought, and have said, that it is easier for us moderns to imagine another life than to believe in it. I had in mind not alone the common literary appeal, deliberately allegorical of Jean Paul Sartre's *The Chips Are Down* or George Santayana's *Dialogues in Limbo;* or with more serious purpose, as in James B. Pratt's portrayal (in his *Adventures in Philosophy and Religion*) of the embarrassment

of "Professor Materialist" who, knowing himself to have been killed, is confronted with the dismaying evidence of his own survival.

I had in mind, as well, the wholly serious efforts of religious thought to give substance, for the apprehension of critical contemporaries, to the conception of another world. As we leave the realm of poetry, are we to keep what seems essential to life in this world—a continuity of memory, a time sequence, a sphere of action, a persistence of achieved knowledge, love, purpose, question-and-answer? Hard to believe? Yes. But easy to imagine? I thought so; I now doubt it.

Easy, only so long as fanciful imagination keeps critical imagination in abeyance. There is a *responsible imagination* which, while allowing fanciful imagination free play in symbolizing the unknown, still retains in reserve its own functions of exploration and criticism. It is well to recognize that the principal agent in bringing errant imagination into the area of truth is *also imagination*, an imagination tamed by the demands of realism, but none the less imagination.

At every step forward we rely on a valid imagination: if we fancy the ice thick when it is thin, we may need to revise the set of signs by which our imaginative forecast is guided. It is through imagination, in the field of science, that poor hypotheses are replaced by better, and unworkable inventions by inventions that will work. The Copernican Revolution had first to be a feat of imagination; the Einsteinian Relativity a further feat of the same order. How else than through imagination, inventive while disciplined, are we to reach the hypothesis that will finally be verified? Thinking *is* directed imagining.

We must therefore revise the thesis that it is easier to imagine survival than to believe it. This is true of irresponsible imagination; belief in its products is inhibited by imagination itself. But responsible imagining is our key to the structure of the world; and for our defective thesis we may substitute this one: *Whatever we can responsibly imagine is structurally possible* in the given universe.

I propose, therefore, that we submit our free imaginings of another world, as scene of another life, and of the passage thereto, to the test of a critical imagining which may reveal what structure in the universe could permit the passage, or show the nature of the hinge between one life and another. Let us attempt a transition from the popular way of using imagination in regard to survival, to the element of responsible metaphysic therein contained.

Irresponsible imagining, presenting life after death on the available patterns of present experience,

with due modifications for the advance of meaning, has commonly dealt easily with the question of passage. Making full use of the license of myth, it has fancied that we pass from one life to another as we pass from region to region in this sphere: there is a *journey of the soul* from this world to its next abode.

Generally speaking, in our own traditions, Heaven is "above" and Hell "beneath"; but a "Western Paradise" is a natural suggestion of the setting sun; and the Egyptian conception of a voyage with the sun in his under-worldly excursion has a kindred root. Responsible imagining has been slow to intrude upon legitimate poesy the consideration *that whatever can be reached by a journey is in this space*, not in another space. Or generalizing, whatever situation can be reached by spatial transition is in this world, and not another, when "world" is identified with the given system of events in the total space-time universe.

If we are to think in tenable terms of another life in an other world, we must employ some other than spatial transition for the passage. The consideration is obvious, yet so tenacious is the spatial image that all the revelations of Copernican and post-Copernican cosmology have not banished the query whether some other suns may have planets that could be the scene of life for surviving souls.

Giordano Bruno, having lighted on the valid notion of endlessness of the cosmos, and having written that "there are numberless particular worlds similar to this of the earth," speculated that in view of the divine goodness they, or some of them, were presumably abodes of life: the moon seemed to him one of the most likely. And when Galileo found, as he thought, mountains and seas there, the probability appeared to mount toward certitude; and the query was not slow to arise whether some of these were providing homes for spirits of our departed. The advance of astronomy has dealt unkindly with this companionable outlook into sidereal spaces. But the central difficulty is that no such exploration of the universe has any bearing whatever on "another world" for the careers of departed souls.

But there are other conceptions of the transition, from which the spatial image is dropped. While Dante's journey to the underworld is spatial, almost geographical, aided indeed by "a certain drowsiness," John Bunyan's transition, equally artful, is of another type: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream." It is true that the dream is itself of a journey, terminating in "the Heavenly City"; but Bun-

yan's personal transition from waking to dreaming, and from dreaming to waking ("So I awoke, and behold, it was a dream") is not a journey. The dream world is not "somewhere" in the waking world: there is no road of passage, nor any astronomical line of distance and direction, between London or Bedford gaol and the Heavenly City. The passage between them is as swift as a change in the direction of thought. Bunyan himself, absorbed in the career of his pilgrim, might as swiftly have been "brought to earth" by an interruption. I raise the question whether we have not here something not identical with, but more literally than the journey image akin to, a believable "hinge of transition" between this world and another.

This proposal would relieve us at once of a burden of imported and impossible physical interpretation; it does so, however, at the cost of suggesting that the other-world may be, like all things reachable by a mere turn of attention, such stuff as dreams are made on—subjective, insubstantial, less than actual. Our critical imagination hesitates to adopt the dream transition as more than a possible analogy. Any life beyond death that could concern us must be at least as actual as the present life: it could, according to some conceptions, be more so, as a state of being to which one "awakens from the dream of life."

Remarking only that even so, the transition would be mental, I regard the objection as of the essence. It opens the entire issue as to the relation between the "mental" and the "real." We have here to deal with the convinced monism of our scientific era: there is but one real universe, one space-time-event context, one world of nature. The word "other" always means a relation between objects *within* this universe: the given space includes all the space there is—hence there is no outside, no "other," perhaps *no totality* from which another universe could stand apart! To this physical monism, and all it implies, we must give full attention.

In so far as an imagined or dreamed experience does, under any circumstances, approximate actuality, the transition between present experience and that experience reveals a structural possibility of the universe, significant for the event of death. And I point out that there *is* a phase of experience in which the imagined does approximate the actual, and hold responsible relation to it, while remaining literally "other."

In the genuine and incessant experience of deliberation leading to free decision, we are, prior to the decision, in presence of two worlds—the actual world before us, and the world of our imagined future action. This world of contemplated action (which we hold

ourselves free to cancel, until the commitment of decision is made) differs from dream as *not totally unreal:* it has the partial reality implied in *genuine* "*possibility.*" Could we give a true account of this situation—and we shall duly undertake it—we should be on the way to a philosophical conception of the possibility of survival.

As a prior step in this direction, let me call attention to a somewhat neglected phase of our imagining —the way in which, while imagining events and deeds, we imagine ourselves in these contexts.

The Self and World

IN our ordinary meditations about the world of science and of history, we naturally leave ourselves out of the picture: the way of objective truth is, for the most part, to forget ourselves. Yet the knowledge does not forsake us that we are, in fact, a part of the world envisaged by both science and history; and if reminded of this circumstance, we can easily find ourselves pursuing the double role of self-observing and self-observed.

When the observed self is considered by the observing self as set in his natural surroundings, or as acting there, this observing self would as a rule entirely accept for the observed self the judgment, "The self is in the world, not the world in the self." This was the position of Alfred Whitehead in 1925, when in his *Science and the Modern World* he wrote that "we are *within* a world of colours, sounds, and other sense objects.... We seem to be ourselves elements of this world in the same sense as are the other things which we perceive." Yet when in 1934 he published two lectures given at Chicago on "Nature and Life" he made a supplement to this statement. He wrote of "a baffling antithetical relation" whereby, while the soul itself appears "as one of the components within the world," it is also true that "in one sense the world is in the soul."

How does he reach this second position? By becoming aware of *the observing self*—easily forgotten—who *entertains the vision of that world* in which the observed self is contained and surrounded. As the observed self, I am in the world. As the observing self, the world is in me. Yet I am the same self; and with this duality of position, the entire perspective of reality changes.

Could it be the case that the self which is within the world, an object among objects, is not the entire self? Or could it be that the world contained within the ob-

serving self is not identical with the world which contains the observed self—two worlds, descriptively the same, ontologically different, held together by the intention of an identical self, assuming two roles in relation to its environment?

There are occasional experiences coming to everybody in which the self perceives itself as other, while still the same. They are not matters of mystery, but chiefly of emphasis —a self-separation which momentarily exaggerates the continuous function of self-awareness and self-judgment. We have seen how, in self-accusation, the judging self assumes a character different from the self that is judged.

No one is a liar unless he knows that he is a liar, for it is not a lie to speak an untruth supposing it to be truth. Yet if the liar knows he is a liar, and confesses that he is a liar, he must be a truthteller in denouncing himself as liar. This, the ancient paradox of Epimenides, is no other than the constant and normal doubleness of a self that must live by standards of self-judgment.

If I now cite certain experiences of my own, essentially trivial, by way of illustrating these occasional exaggerations of normal doubleness which bear upon our discussion, I do so to recall to the reader similar experiences of his own, and to suggest their possible significance. One such, wholly commonplace, left on my mind for some time a curious impression, not that we can imagine survival but not believe it, but the obverse—that we can believe our own annihilation, but are wholly unable to imagine it.

The time is 1892, more or less. The scene is the right-of-way of a single track railroad, between Aurora, Illinois, and Waukegan—the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railroad, then a new belt line around Chicago. It is a summer day. A lone figure carrying a pot of white paint and a brush, stoops every 100 feet to cover a chalk mark on the inside of the rail with a vertical line of paint, and every 500 feet to paint a number. The crew of the civil engineering department are measuring the track of the railway for inventory purposes. The chalk markers, with the steel tape, have moved ahead of the painter, who doesn't mind being alone. He has become interested in the numbers.

He is, at this moment, in a cut. The banks rise on either side of him above his eye level; the breeze is shut off; the heat is oppressive. The only sounds are the humming of insects and the occasional nervous flutter of a disturbed grasshopper's wings. The painter is painting the number 1800. He is amused to note the possibility of putting this number series into one-to-one correspondence with the years of the century. He begins to supply the numbers with events, bits of history, Civil War and family background.

This imaginary living-through-past-time becomes as real an experience as the rail-painting, and far more exciting! 1865, 1870—suddenly 1873, my birth year: "Hello! Hocking is here!" Every mark, from now on, numbered or not, is entangled with personal history. But very soon, 1892, *the present*: the painter's story and the actual story coincide: I paint the Now! From this point, memory is dismissed; it gives place to anticipation, dream, conjecture—there is something relentless in the on-moving of these numbers, to be filled with something—but with what? 1893—will it be the new Chicago University? 1900—where shall I be? 1950, fairly old, very likely gone. 1973, a hundred years from birth—surely gone: "Good-by, Hocking!"

I see myself as dead, the nothingness of non-being sweeps over me. I have been for four years an ardent disciple of Herbert Spencer, unhappily but helplessly convinced that man is as the animals; the race moves on, the individual perishes, the living something has become—nothing; "And not the pillow at your cheek so slumbereth." For the first time I realize the blankness of annihilation.

And no doubt, just because of this swift sense of no-sense, the shock was intense as I realized, with the same swiftness, that *it was I, as surviving, who looked upon myself as dead*, that it had to be so, and that because of this, annihilation can be spoken of, but *never truly imagined*. This was not enough to free me from the spell of Spencer, but it cracked that spell: the rest of the day was spent in a new lightness of heart, as if I had come upon a truth that was not to leave me. I was glad to be alone.

Out-of-the-Body Experiences

There are certain other experiences I might mention, experiences which bring the observed and the observing self more literally into juxtaposition. They were experiences of seeming to observe oneself from the outside. These experiences I had dismissed as insignificant. They were, however, to some extent revived, with a question mark, by the experience of a friend many years later, related to me with extreme care for accuracy of statement. She, the wife of a colleague, had been at the crisis of pneumonia; her husband and the physician were at her bedside. She was presumed to be, if not in coma, at least unconscious of her surroundings. But she heard their conversation, which was not encouraging.

The physician left the room, and shortly after, the husband also went out. She noted his movements; she wanted to go with him; she found herself free to move at will; she saw herself lying there; she followed her husband. He crossed the hall, closing the door, and went into his library. She saw him pace to and fro, then take down a book from a shelf, open it and gaze at the page without reading on. She saw the page. He put the book back, and returned to her bedside. She was there; she had not moved; she heard him plead with her, in the hope that his words might reach her consciousness, to try to come back to life.

She was aware that it was in her power to make this effort; hard as it was, and unwelcome, she made it, for his sake. When she had recovered, she wished to test the apparent experience. When her husband was in the library, she took down the book she had seen him take, opened to the page, and asked him whether he had any recent memory of it. Much startled, he recounted the episode as she had seemed to see it.

Experiences of this sort can be of no importance to science; as unrepeatable and unverifiable, they are significant only to those who have known the like. But they suggest possibilities that concern us. The function of unusual experience is, as a rule, not so much to answer questions as to open them. They stir us out of our habitual assumptions. They may illuminate; but the final answers must be in the common experiences of mankind—this has become my firm conviction. If there is any truth in "mystic experience," it is what every man subconsciously knows, and what thought can eventually validate.

The analogical experiences I have here recounted simply raise the question whether ordinary consciousness has *an inner plurality of perspective*—whether an "other life" in "another world" are not always "within you." Certainly, imagination and dream are always in operation; without them we take no step into the future. Dream in sleep is but imagination without the competing presence of the actual. In my judgment, while the content of such dreams has as a rule far less significance than psychoanalysis tends to read into it, *the structure of dream*, the possibility of a well-developed world which seems to happen to us even while we are—in part—creating it, is highly significant.

For our question, the meaning of imagination and dream is best seen in their shaping of action. In all deliberating and deciding, we employ them to prepare an alteration of the actual world. As deliberation passes into act, we see in operation one of the "hinges" of the world; what was a moment ago the other-world of fancy be-

comes, by the determination of our everyday freedom, a bit of objective history. The imagined linkages swing "down" into the linkages of fact. They *fit there* with a silent perfection of continuity.

I stand on our actual awareness of freedom to create change. Our knowledge of freedom implies awareness of our double posture in the universe: we are both creature and creator—our lives are an "*apprenticeship* in creativity." As creatures we are "receptive" i.e., passive to an outer action: experience takes its name from the fact that it is "given" to us, and whatever gives us experience gives us therewith our being—our createdness is continual. Hence we are not alone: our existence and our potential work are included within that objective purpose; and because of this inclusion, one's life effort may take shape as a "task," or as the Confucians say, one's *Ming*, one's Decree of Heaven.

But this continual createdness does not cancel our other posture, that of being creators. The "task" itself is not piecework designed by the Master: its scope is to produce something which, *without our deed, the universe could not contain*, and for which the universe is—or should be—glad! God himself has not prethought your conception; your creation, within its bounds, is as real as his, and so your freedom.

If this is the implication of our freedom—and I present this view as an hypothesis for our consideration—the *meaning* of survival of death is given a new light. Our interest in continuance is not simply the fulfillment of duty, the completion of a preassigned task, as Kant and the voluntarists propose. Our concern is also *that the universe may do its duty by us*—allowing us, for example, to reach the answer to the questioning which our life contains, "to know as we are known." The "how" of survival will not be by the force of inescapable duty alone, but by our right as well, including our right to know the "Last Judgment" of the worth or lack of worth in what we have aspired to do. And also, understanding that judgment, to join in it, so that in the end we *stand self-judged*, not judged alone by an absolute Other.

It has long seemed to me the chief moral indictment of a broken-off existence—supposing death to be the absolute end, our being blanked out in the midst of an always unfinished labor—that the terminal judgment of one's work, one's lonely belief in that work at the moment of death, has for the dying one no sequel. Those who fall in battle shall never know whether they have died in vain. In a world that lets die, the faith of the doer remains at best a tragic question thrown out upon an unheeding Process of Nature—for with the best assurance, faith and work look forward, far forward—

not for praise, but for truth. Must they stumble into the night? "Why has Thou forsaken me?"

This depth of yearning for valid judgment is far deeper than any hope for a rewarding justice, or any fear of a retributive justice, in unchanging heavens or hells. On the count of "justice" most souls should be in both places, for a while. But this more genuine need is, I believe, at the heart of the universal concern for survival, and of the intuition that it must be so.

And in the underlying and equally universal experience of power-to-create in freedom, a radical philosophical analysis, to which we now turn, should find instruction as to its possibility, and also as to the "how?".

The Philosophical Analysis

DEFINITION: By "physical monism" I mean the doctrine that there is (and can be) only one world of physical nature.

For this view, the word "the"—in such phrases as "the world," "the universe," "the cosmos," all referring to the same totality—is decisive. It signifies that there is no other—that the system of entities and events in the space-time order now present to us is single and unique. This totality is unbounded (or "infinite") in the sense that there is nothing else of the same kind outside of it. The relation "outside of" refers to distinctions of position between elements of the system: entities or events within the system may be "outside of" one another. A continued exploration of outsideness or "externality" would thus forever remain within the system; the phrase "outside the system" would be meaningless.

Definition: By "concrete freedom" I mean the capacity, for human action, of deciding between genuine alternatives—genuine in the sense that any one of such alternatives is "possible," and can become part of the actual world of nature at the will of the decider.

I. *Physical monism is inconsistent with concrete freedom.*

Physical monism implies that all determinants of physical change are physical. As such, they are subject to quantitative measurement. On this condition, given any total configuration of the system at any time and the laws of change, the configuration at any other time—before or after without limit—is, in general and in theory, determinable. If into this well-ordered system some "principle of indeterminacy" enters, such as formulated by Heisenberg for cer-

tain subatomic processes, it would still remain true that *no nonphysical factors are relevant to what emerges* from the ambiguous situation.

Concrete freedom, however, requires that a mental event, a "decision," itself original, can determine which of diverse physical alternatives shall become actual. Concrete freedom is therefore impossible unless physical monism is somewhere in error. Such error, I suggest, may lie in its assumption of the single-and-unique character of space. We examine the credentials of that assumption.

II. *Kant's argument for Newtonian space-time monism.*

Kant's view of the cosmos, based on that of Newton, holds that there can be but one space order, infinite in extent, and one time order, also infinite; space and time being prior and independent conditions of all events within them. His view of freedom had to be consistent with a single and necessary system of physical events, including the behavior of the bodily organism. It could not be concrete freedom, as here defined.

But why has space, for Kant, no legitimate plural?

He calls to witness what we ourselves know and mean by space. If we speak of "spaces," we mean various parts or regions of the one space: if we try mentally to set another space outside of the given space, we merely define a distant area, and "distance" belongs wholly to the space we have. We are (he holds) really *unable* to *conceive* a literally-other space. And for this reason: that space is not a thing perceived but our way of perceiving, innate and inescapable: it is the mode of arrangement whereby the manifold data of sense are ordered —external to each other, and yet together in the same infinite room.

It is, in short, the "form of external apprehension" not itself apprehended. We cannot see space nor touch it; but whatever is seen or touched is "there": space is, in Hegel's accurate phrase, a nonsensous sensibility, an "*unsinnliche Sinnlichkeit*"*!* Then, thinks Kant, the "thereness" must somehow precede the sensations, or at least be ready to spring to life as sensation begins—a necessary presupposition of experience.

And once on duty as the thereness of physical experience, it remains on duty, identical, forever. As valid for all such data, it can have no boundary. As endless, there is "no room" for any other: it *is* the "room." And it must be one and changeless through all time; for if it were alterable or withdrawable, what would become of our measures of *motion*, as fundamental to experience as our measures of extent? Apprehending experience as spatial can hardly be called an "act" of the self; for action is a deed-at-a-time, and our space-perceiving, so far as it is a

deed at all, is one-for-all-time. Instead of mysteriously calling it a "timeless act," let us say that for Kant it is inseparable from self-conscious identity: to be *the same self* both here and there, and from day to day, is to relate things and events to each other by way of an identical and infinite space. And if there can be but one space, there can be but one world of nature: we are committed to physical monism.

III. Kant's argument, already discounted by views of Leibniz, later challenged by non-Euclidean geometries.

The monads of Leibniz had, each one, its private mirror of the entire universe. The space and time of the unfolding world scene for each monad were, as in the Kantian world scene, infinite; there were therefore as many co-existing infinite spaces as there were monads. No monad could have been aware of this multiplicity, nor of the problem of interpenetration, since for each monad its own mirror world was the one, real, total, and unique world; and all the other monads were therein represented as sharing the single infinite space.

It was only God, and Leibniz as author of the conception, who on Leibniz' own terms could be aware of the duplication of infinitudes, and he himself ought not to know of it! If Leibniz had meditated the problem how his monads, as unextended "metaphysical points," yet each a world for itself, could coexist as entertaining infinitudes without interaction, his answer might have been that we are not dealing with multiple spaces, but only with thoughts of spaces, and that thoughts require no room at all—not even the thought of infinite space! The suggestion is significant, and bears on the issue not only of other spaces, but also of other worlds. But it escapes the difficulty only by denying that there is any such thing as a "real space" as contrasted with thought space—there are only private thought spaces.

We do not accept this hypothesis; but we recognize that Leibniz' world picture disposes of Kant's doctrine that plural spaces are inconceivable. If Kant, for whom also space was not a thing-in-itself but a way of our apprehending, had asked himself whether different persons as different apprehenders not only might but must have different spaces, his certitude of the singleness of space might have been shaken.

In a quite different way, the development after Kant of non-Euclidean geometries has accustomed mathematicians to thinking of different *types* of space; and if there can be different kinds of space, then since any given space can be of only one kind, there can be different spaces. To some ex-

tent, it is true of these non-Euclidean geometries that they were not considered as coexisting, but as alternatives of interpretation—various possible logical constructs of our actual physical experience. Even so, their mutual exclusion as known by the geometer sustains our point that an other space is not inconceivable.

IV. Space and Time not prior, but derived from events.

In the mathematical background of the theory of Relativity we find suggestion for a concreter conception of spatial plurality, without resorting to a radical subjectivism like that of Leibniz. It is found in the judgment that space and time are neither prior entities nor forms conditioning experience, but are *derivative from events.*

If space and time are, as Kant thought, necessary pre-conditions of experience, we could imagine their "contents" to vanish, but could not conceive the vanishing of these forms. If, however, they are derivative from events, then if events vanish we have left—not empty space-time—but exactly nothing. The arrival of an event brings with it its own *possibilities of relatedness*, spatial and temporal; and any such arrival constitutes a reckoning zero, a "middle" of all space and time, as thoroughgoing relativity requires, and experience tends to confirm. And as a corollary—the point that concerns us—*events independent of one another would have independent spaces.*

Since space is not a prior reality into which any event must arrive and find orderly place, the genesis of events is governed by the nature of reality, not by the nature of space. If two events, or sets of events, were independent in origin, the space relations emanating, so to speak, from their centers could be infinite and plural, not alone without clash, but without any possibility of intersection, or even of tangency. This conjecture, at present abstract, will come to life as we proceed.

V. Problem: To define "the whole of space."

For our present space, this whole might be expressed as the totality of positions related to a given position by direction and distance. From every point in space to every other there is an imaginary line of determinate length; hence in the expression stated, no point would be omitted.

A more graphic way of putting it is to consider the path of an expanding sphere, with any given point, p, as a center, and increasing its radius, r, continuously from zero, without limit. The surface of such a sphere would obviously sweep all positions in the given space.

To express this conception in simple mathematical terms, con-

sider "the whole of space" made up, not of points, but of volumes. At any stage of the sphere's expansion, the sphere has a surface of $4\pi r^2$. Now with a minimal expansion, lengthening the radius by a vanishing increment, dr, the advancing surface covers a thin shell whose volume is $4\pi r^2.\mathrm{dr}$. And by adding such shells without limit—and of course timelessly—we traverse all of space, as expressed by the integral of all such shells:

$$4\pi \int_{r=0}^{r=\infty} r^2.dr$$

The arbitrary element in this expression is the choice of a center, as implied in the phrase "any point." Suppose we adopt some other point, p' however distant, and start another sphere with radius r^1 on the path of expansion. The two spheres will eventually interpenetrate, each including every position swept by the other. In other words, the two expressions are, not equal, but identical:

$$4\pi \int_{r=0}^{r=\infty} r^2.dr \quad \equiv \quad 4\pi \int_{r'=0}^{r'=\infty} r'^2.dr'$$

This identity merely formalizes the observation of Kant that all "spaces" are parts of the same space; from which he drew the inference that space could have no plural. But *this same identity* enables us to state with precision the condition under which there may be *more than one space.*

VI. Problem: Given a total space, to define the condition for "another space."

Since every point in a given space is related to every other point by distance and direction, then if there were a point *not so related* to a given point, it would be not in the given space, but would identify an other space. Express the interval between p and p' by the expression $p' - p$. If $p' - p$ exists, the total spaces about these two points are identical. Then the criterion for a point *not* in the given space is simply:

The interval, $p' - p$, *does not exist.*

Does experience present any such situation?

Quite frequently, in fact; though our path of recognition can most simply be taken by way of spaces intended or imagined. I dream of being in a canoe on a stream, waterfall ahead; just before the plunge, I waken: what is the distance between the prow of my canoe and the bedpost? $p' - p$ does not exist. A mathematician plots the loci of two curves in hyperbolic space, intersecting let us say in the point p': what is the distance between that point p', not as penciled but as meant, and a point p on the drawing board? $p' - p$ does not exist.

You hang on your wall a Chinese painting in which a mountain peak rises out of misty clouds: what is the distance between that peak and the floor of your room? To

say that the question is nonsense—which is quite true—is but another way of saying that $p' - p$ does not exist.

In general, any point in actual nature and any point in a nature which I imagine, dream, discover in works of art, or contemplate in thought, will display this independence. The comment that these imagined spaces are also nonexistent will become relevant as our analysis proceeds; the present effort is simply to see what "another space" could mean, and for this purpose the imagined space offers the readiest and wholly valid illustration. The events there occurring are independent of actual events; their time is their own; they may "hold still"; we may revert to them as often as we please: it is not the space alone that is other—it is the entire world of events thus entertained in thought that is "another world."

Its space-time order is endless, forward and backward: and that its infinitudes never coalesce with those of the factual space-time, never interfere, is the condition that gives our imagination, fanciful or purposive, its requisite freedom and scope. The enjoyment of drama depends on a projected independence of this sort, borrowing a portion of actual space for the action, which the beholder constantly notes—often to his vast relief—"does not really happen"!

The Plural Spaces

VII. The transition between plural spaces.

In the cases mentioned, the transition is obviously *mental*. It consists in a shift of attention, in general under the control of the self. The matter of importance here is the natural ease of this transition. Absorbed in the story, we bury ourselves in its crisis: we are here and not here; we can emerge, we can return at will. This capacity, well considered, has much to say of the nature of the mind itself: it is definitely *not* "*within*" either of the spaces it thus spans; it is something different from, as actively "objectifying," each of the space worlds for which it holds so effortlessly the avenue of transition.

And since, when we deliberately attend to another space we do not lose awareness of the space of actuality, but keep both more or less "in mind," this mental channel is not alone a way of passage from space to space but also a way of linkage—may we say a *vinculum*—holding plural spaces within a brace of simultaneous awareness, though not of equal awareness.

VIII. The freedom of concrete choice entails plural spaces.

In deliberating between alternative courses of action, I seek to "realize" what each course would involve: I use imagination with whatever responsible realism I can muster. The world I thus set before me is *intended to become* this actual world; but as contemplated it is other—as containing a nonexistent action, it may as a whole never reach existence. Prior to my decision, it has no power to exist; nor has the actual world any intrinsic power to contain what I now contemplate in idea.

Yet each such contemplated world is *possible*; the condition of its becoming actual is simply my decision. In regard to these possibilities, it is the self that determines nature, not nature that determines the self. The acting self is thus a *continual weaving of other worlds*, self-begotten in thought, *into the texture of the present and given world*. The freedom thus exhibited is concrete, in the sense that it *alters the particulars* of the event sequence of the actual time-space manifold.

Current theories of freedom-of-will generally lack this element of concreteness, even though freed from the vision of physical monism which bound Kant and nineteenth-century thought. Looking at human action as a phenomenon of behavior in an objective world, the physical context of bodily motion still demands scientific loyalty; and the mental aspect of decision can for the behaviorist only be regarded as a subjective point of view of what in terms of actual history has its natural determinants. The freedom that concerns us is a *difference-making freedom* in the realm of overt action; and our philosophy is out of joint with experience until we do justice to this item of certitude in our human intuition of *power-to-create* in the world process. This step, our prior analysis of our judgments of space and spaces, now enables us to take.

IX. If we now ask how concrete freedom is possible, in view of the firm nexus of causality in nature systems within which our bodies are engaged, the answer is at hand.

While the self as hinge of transition between worlds, a world of possibility and a world of actuality, is (by VII) not a member of either world, the body through which it acts is a member of each world thus contemplated. This implies that the body is in some degree numerically different in different worlds, as involved in the differing contemplated actions. For example, as one contemplates joining a skating party, the body as skating is numerically different from the body at rest while contemplating. The body of the dreamer seldom intrudes itself in dreams, yet when it does, it often illustrates Schopen-

nauer's concept of physical form as expressing the mode of life chosen by the "will to live."

In every case, the body remains (as Aristotle rightly insisted) unique to the individual person: as against Pythagorean or Platonic transmigration, the soul of Peter cannot appear in the body of Paul. Yet Aristotle was wrong in inferring that an individual person could have but one body, uniquely expressing his quality and behavior: the very identity of the person would entail, in divergent situations, divergent physical expression.

In sum, the body—which expresses and identifies the acting person—is a function of two independent variables not of one only: it is in part, with life itself, a gift of "fact," but also in part a function of the self, serving that self's decisions and its capacity to create what, apart from the self's thought, the *world would not contain.*

And when we consider that human life, in its most general aspect, can be described as the continuous free translation of dream into fact, by way of bodily action, we see how *the plurality of spaces makes concrete freedom possible.*

In conceiving the shape of the deed to come, there is a mutual creation: the man makes the idea, and the idea makes the man. He is receptive—it "occurs to me"—and yet it *did not pre-exist*: it completely misrepresents the event to consider (with Whitehead) the arriving idea as an ingression or a prehension or selection from a fixed "realm of eternal entities," in which case no genuine novelty could occur. Creativity is a genesis of possibilities of quality which, prior to the begetting deed, had not even a positional existence: there is *no such totality* as "all the values" nor "all the ideas," still less, "all the solutions."

The idea, once conceived, must be free to live its prenatal life, in the uncommitted space-time of deliberation, until launched by decision into the space-time of the actual. The self, as agent of transition, gives birth: there is creation in the world of fact. This is concrete freedom.

X. The conditions for the possibility of concrete freedom are at the same time conditions for the possibility of survival.

I do not say sufficient conditions, nor yet necessary conditions: I say simply that insight into the possibility of concrete freedom opens an avenue of insight into the possibility of survival.

Whoever is concretely free is co-creator in an actual world: as such he is not *in toto* passive to the internal processes of that world. In the devising of free deeds within the context of particular fact, there is a literal sense in which *the self is in prescence of at least one other space world all the time.* And to recognize this self as the vin-

culum, or hinge of transition, between these two space worlds, and as such not a member item in either of them, separates the destiny of that self from the total operation of causes playing within the world of nature.

To put the matter somewhat technically, our situation is as follows: the scientific picture of physical monism continues—throughout all revolutions of cosmology—to consider nature as a "closed group" of events, such that combining of events within the system of physical nature which yields other events within the same system, never anything else. If there were a plurality of such closed systems, the *relation between them* could never be expressed in terms of the internal processes of any of them. But the mind is essentially such a relating entity or vinculum, holding before itself, in contemplating action, a plurality of such closed groups, as if it were itself a most general field in which space-time fields could coexist, a "field of fields" so to speak. Hence the existence of the mind can be *no function of events within any of its object systems.*

This being the case, the event of death, involving the body of the self belonging to some one nature system, does not necessarily involve the death of the self (nor of its body) as already envisaging other worlds, independent of the given world. Death may thus be relative, not absolute. And the transition in death, a mental transition, devoid of distance.

"No Soul Shall Perish, But..."

XI. The criterion of reality is creativity, both for the world and for the individual.

Creativity is an affirmative power, though its understanding may best be achieved in terms of what it is not. It is not mere wandering into novelty, nor is it selection from a pre-existing magazine of ideal ends. It is a giving-birth from an eternal Meaning, undefined except in vague terms of Good or Right, or Beauty, whose being is a yearning for exemplification in irrational fact: creativity gives personal specification to the undefined. It is the reverse of an impersonal principle: it is personality in action.

With this view of the real, human living becomes not alone a consecutive experiment in judging the world; it becomes *a school in achieving one's own reality*, through learning to create—to conceive

what deserves realization, and to realize some part of that conception. As an I-think, the self does indeed *exist*—Descartes is, so far, valid; but it remains *less than real* unless it becomes also a *source of being*, a partner in a total world task of creation.

Herewith we dismiss, as Kant does, the Cartesian argument for immortality. It remains true that it is only the I-think, the person-as-subject, that can become creative, and therefore in any degree real. And from our own meditation we conclude that one's capacity, or call, to survive the physical crisis of death is no foredoomed necessity, but dependent on the measure in which one's use of freedom has charged the merely-existing I-think with genetic power. This does not mean a solitary power to endure, as if an individual I-think could evolve into an indestructible monad. For "power" of any sort is power-in-a-context. The value-begetting power we speak of can only be a power to continue the participation in world-making with the identical Thou-art that has been its former life. If *per contra* there could be a totally unloving soul, using creative force for its own dream, as a monad, its solitude would be its non-existence for the living world: its perfect monadism would be its eternal death.

Herewith philosophical analysis must rest its case. Without broaching theological issues, it notes the possibility of *a self-executing justice* in the world-process, whereby what we refer to as the Will of God appears to each soul as the necessary outcome of its own willing: no soul shall perish but by its own consent. In its major description, the continuance of world-process *is* the fertile continuance of personal lives.

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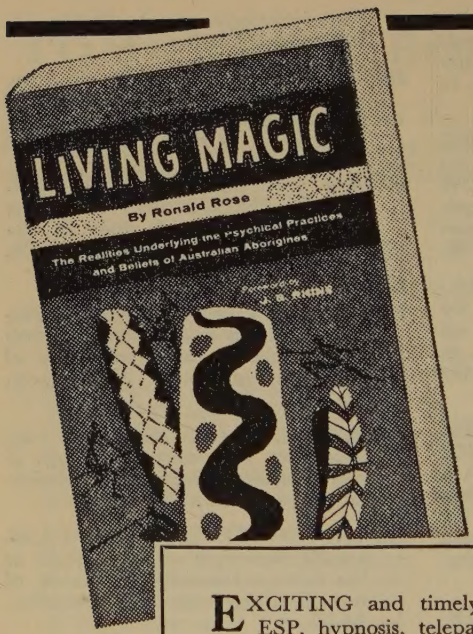

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Although Gogarty and Lord Dunsany were of different temperament, hey were in firm agreement on a number of subjects. They emphatically ejected any who would use the screen of high-sounding words to hide a ack of ideas. "Words used without meaning must not be mistaken for eep knowledge," Dunsany proclaimed.

They were alike also in that they were both receptive to sensitive nowledge. Each one expressed to me, in different ways, his awe and nowledge of a Divinity, and belief in His existence, because of the xistence of the human mind. Neither was content to rest on religious ormula or metaphysical lore, nor were they analytical about mysticism. et, both men were in a true sense caught within the compass of its nagic. Each had his theory of knowledge and the reality of things, yet oth felt at home in that mystic web of colors, sounds, tastes and smells nat are closer to feelings than to qualities of mind.

BETWEEN the two men there was a kind of "co-existence"—an agreement and a disagreement that kept them together, and yet part. Yet both would come to the final conclusion that the unity of ll, matter and energy, living or non-living, lies in continuity. Everyning that was, is, whether of mental or material existence, to be forever hanged but never discontinued. Dunsany expressed it well in the preface to *The Last Book of Wonder*, written during the First World War: "Writing in a day when life is cheap, dreams seem to me all the dearer, ne only things that survive."

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